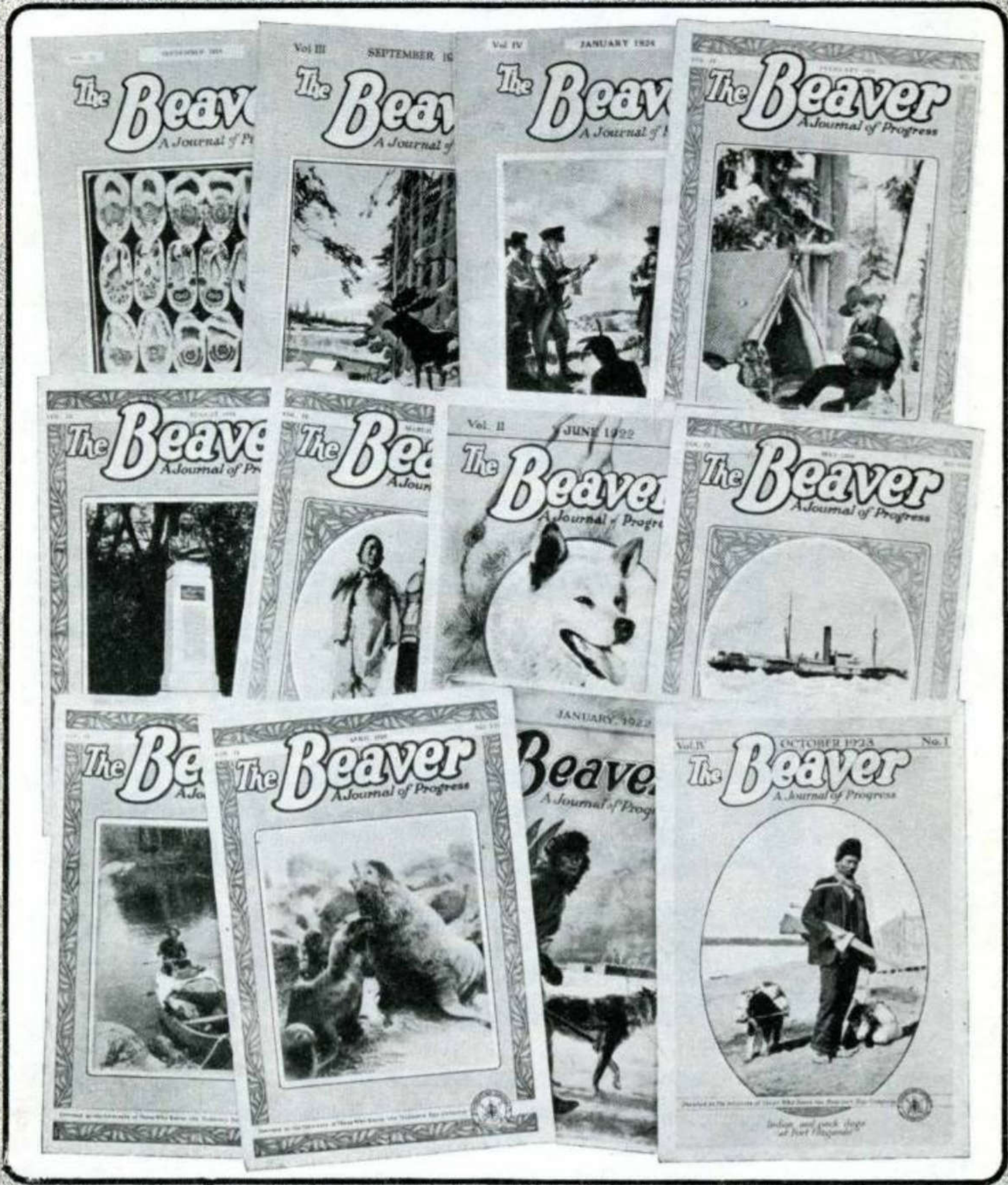
VOL. V MARCH 1925 No. 2

The Beaver

A Journal of Progress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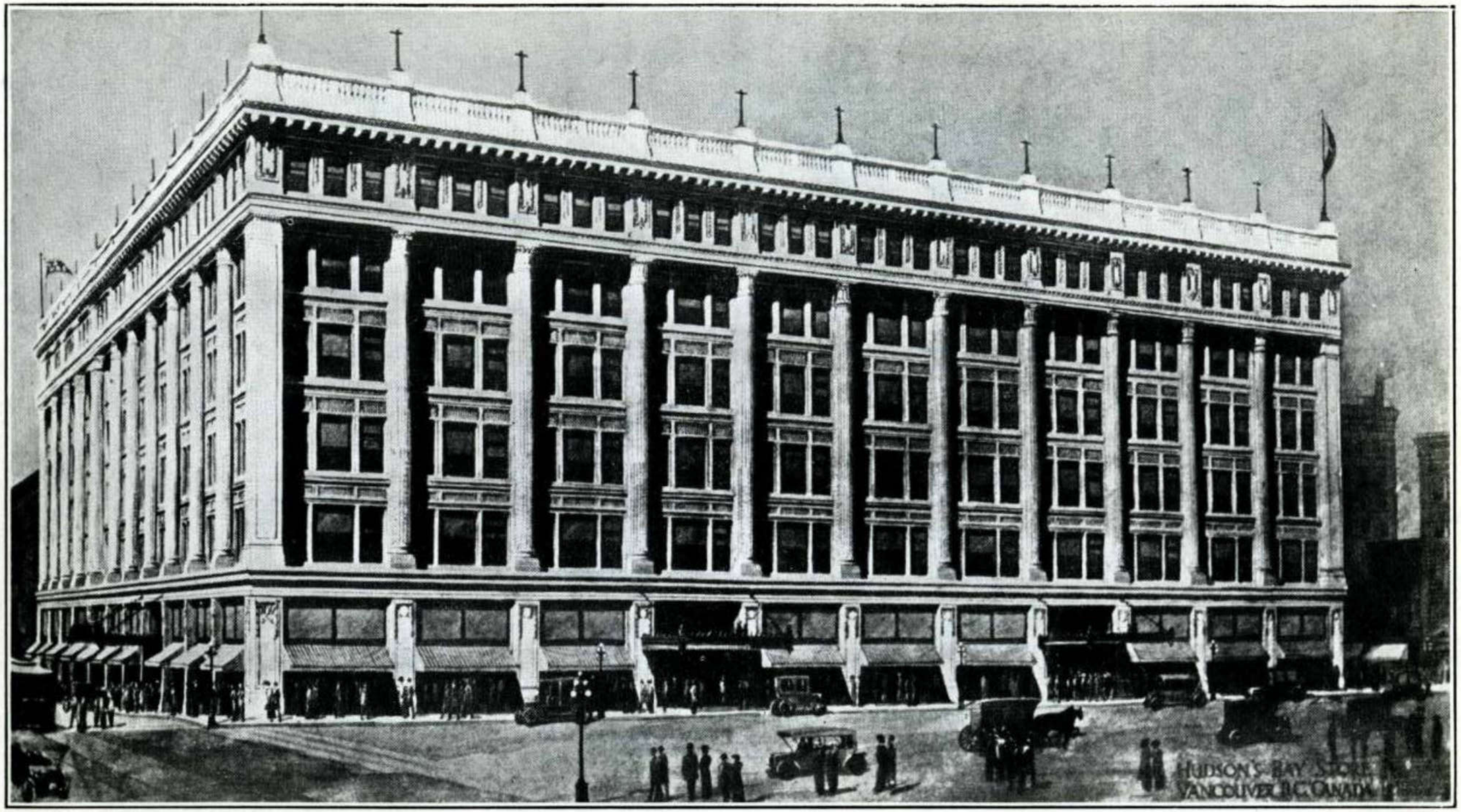
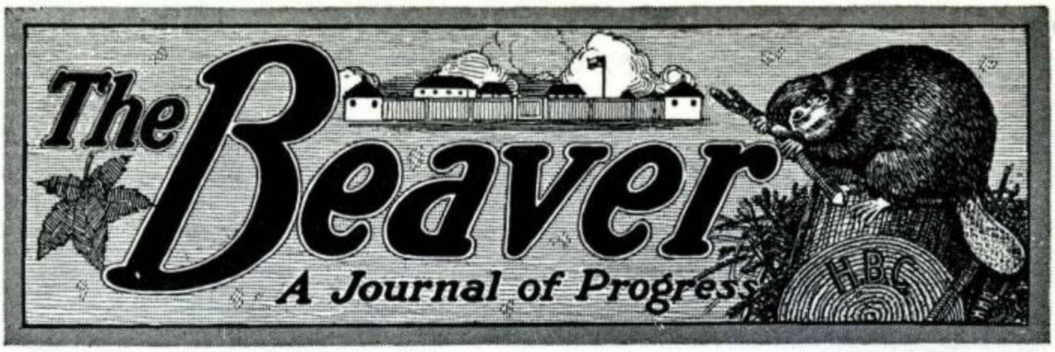
Devoted to the Interests of Those Who Serve the Hudson's Bay Company


HUDSON'S BAY STORE
VANCOUVER, B.C. CANADA

Vancouver Store as it will look in 1927 (see page 68 of this issue.)



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Vol. V MARCH 1925 No. 2

Faith

By ALEX. J. WATSON, Manager Victoria Store

THE wonderful faith that carried Grosseilliers through to James Bay aboard the ketch *Nonsuch* in **1668** has been a characteristic of the Hudson's Bay Company's operations throughout the past 254 years. Two-and-a-half centuries of successful achievement in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, combined with faith in the country, wise administration, loyal service on the part of thousands of those who have given of their best, have placed our Company in the very front rank of commercial enterprise.

Boom times, slumps, wars, financial panics, have come and gone and the old Company has weathered them all, building surely and soundly.

The Company's reputation for organization and achievement was quickly recognized during the Great War, and it was called upon to demonstrate its ability to a tremendous degree: for a Company that was strictly a trading and commercial concern successfully to transport millions of tons of war supplies in hundreds of vessels under its own register was a feat that will go down in history as a great achievement.

All employees of the Company will be proud in the knowledge that we are about to see another era of expansion. The announcement that the Company is about to resume its pre-war building programme is a further striking demonstration of the Company's faith in the future of this Western Canada of ours, and should encourage us and strengthen our faith in the future of our Company and the commercial prosperity of the Dominion. The Company's example will no doubt be quickly followed and we shall see other corporations commence schemes of development which are bound to be far reaching in their effect on general conditions in the West.

May I suggest that everyone in the service look forward to the future with steadfast faith in the wonderful possibilities of advancement and service in the employ of the greatest of all great companies.

Scaling Mount Rainier

By JEAN PEEBLES, Vancouver Store

WE fancy it would take one gifted with an unlimited vocabulary, with the soul of a poet and a literary genius, to describe adequately our glorious two weeks' vacation.

We left Vancouver early Monday morning, and about 4 p.m. on Tuesday reached the entrance of Rainier National Park. After registering, we commenced the twenty-mile climb to Paradise Inn, passing over bridges under which were rushing streams of mountain water, turning sharp curves which presented unexpected beauty at each turn, with the glorious smell of the pines and that wonderful grey Alaska cedar of which the inn is constructed. After reaching the inn and finding out all about the different climbs and trips, our one desire was to reach the summit of Mount Rainier. We made our arrangements at the guide house, and on Wednesday at 2.30 p.m. commenced our climb. There were ten in our party, including the Swiss guide. After continuous climbing over snow, crevasses and rocks, we reached Camp Muir at 8 p.m., tired and cold. After partaking of the dainty lunch provided for us by the inn and two cups of hot tea prepared by an assistant guide who went ahead for that purpose, we took off our boots, used our mackinaws for pillows and were tucked in by the guide before 9 p.m. It seemed only a few minutes had elapsed, when "Heinie," our Swiss guide, called "Get up now, and no foolin'." At the cold grey hour of 3 a.m., we stiffly arose and put on our boots. This was not an easy task, as our feet had swollen and our boots shrunk. We wished to know what lucky fellow had slept with his boots on. But it wasn't long until we had some breakfast and hot coffee, and at 3.30 a.m. commenced the last lap for the summit. We had to use the rope provided by the guide, as most of this climb was over solid ice, on

which the guide had to use his little mountain axe to make steps. He said, "Imagine yourselves being led by St. Peter through the pearly gates to paradise; but, instead of carrying a harp, I carry a mountain axe, which, in this case, is more useful than a harp." We climbed steadily, just stopping long enough to take in the sight of the most magnificent dawn and sunrise we ever witnessed. The wonder of it filled one with a deep appreciation of the Creator of it all. We could plainly discern Mount Hood in the far distance, and at closer range Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens. The others were as mere specks. We reached the summit at 11 a.m., a very triumphant party, and at the Top o' the World (14,408 feet) we signed our names in a little book, then after an hour's rest started the descent. This was even more dangerous than the ascent. We had to slide down a 150-foot rope, where a slip meant "paradise and a harp;" but, thanks to our guide, with his encouraging words and skill we safely reached the inn at 7.30 p.m. We stayed a few more days and enjoyed the different hikes, and particularly the bird and animal life of the forest and the profusion of wild flowers that grow in such abundance on the lower mountainside.

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St. Paul's Cathedral

The appeal of the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, which led to the starting of a fund for the preservation of the historic St. Paul's Cathedral, is meeting with a wonderful response. A week after the first publication of the appeal this fund had reached the total of £73,900.

The following interesting reference in regard to the donation of £1000 made by the Company to the fund is taken from the London *Times* of January 15th, 1925: "In sending a large donation from the Hudson's Bay Company, the governor, Sir Robert Kindersley, records the long association, now more than two and a half centuries old, between the Company and the City of London; and he also calls to remembrance yet one more activity of that many-sided and laborious man, the architect of St. Paul's. From June, 1679, to March, 1684, Sir Christopher Wren was a shareholder in the Hudson's Bay Company; from November, 1679, to November, 1683, he was one of the committee of seven which directed its affairs. He constantly attended the meetings (receiving six shillings and eightpence for each attendance, provided he did not come late). He was invariably chosen to fill the place of the deputy-governor when that official, the active head of the direction, was absent. He revised the form of oath to be taken by all members and servants of the Company; he inspected buildings for its use; he chose the very bolts and locks for the warehouse. In the service of the Hudson's Bay Company this great genius and great worker was as active as in all the other tasks and duties which he undertook; and in sending one thousand pounds to the fund for St. Paul's the Company pays homage to one of its greatest members."

Reminiscences of H.B.C. Pioneers

No. 6—James Sinclair

JAMES Sinclair was the second son of Chief Factor William Sinclair, an old-time Hudson's Bay officer. The sons, including James, were sent at an early age to school in Scotland. James was intended for a commercial career, but the call of adventure was too strong for him and he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and sailed for Moose Factory. He remained the winter only and, finding the post too circumscribed for his roving disposition, he severed his connections and travelled the following summer on to the Selkirk settlement on the Red river, where for years he took a leading position among fur traders in opposition to the Company.

James Sinclair

James Sinclair was a far-sighted man and had a clear vision of the modern city of Winnipeg. On his journeys to the Pacific coast, he was ever on the lookout for a suitable pass in the Rockies through which a railway might be constructed. The famous Sinclair Pass bears his name to-day, as do Sinclair Hot Springs and Sinclair Creek.

In 1840 a movement was started by Sir George Simpson to promote colonisation in Oregon by British subjects, and 23 families of Red river settlers accepted Sir George Simpson's offer and started out in the spring of 1841 on their long journey, under Mr. Sinclair's leadership. This was Sinclair's first trip over the Rocky mountains. No records are available of this wonderful journey—almost as great as that of the Mormons—through unkown country and surrounded continuously by savage and warlike tribes of Indians. They arrived finally at Fort Vancouver, Washington, and settled in the Cowlitz Valley and along the Williamette Plains. Many of their descendants are to be found in the states of Washington and Oregon at the present day.

Sinclair did not settle in this new territory, but took many trips over the country. Loving his independence, it was not until 1854 that Sir George Simpson finally succeeded in inducing him to accept a commission in the service. He was appointed to the charge of Fort Walla.

In 1854 he again started for the far west with his own family and fourteen other families of settlers, taking with him large herds of cattle and horses. The journey, which can now be accomplished in a few days, took those intrepid travellers seven months. During this journey, the

Blackfeet and Blood Indians (the latter a branch of the Blackfeet particularly hostile to the whites) were on the warpath. At Bow river they were followed and tracked by the Indians for eight days and their cattle suffered through being shot at with poisoned arrows.

Their guide, after losing his way, deserted the party, leaving James Sinclair in leadership to struggle through with his people as best he could, having to cut their way through dense forest, wind fallen timber, steep side hills and deep ravines, and endeavouring desperately all the time to keep their cattle together. Altogether it must have been a heartbreaking experience, and the wonder is that they won through at all.

Mr. Sinclair was next given charge of the Snake country, Fort St. Boise and Fort Hall, which at that time were badly disorganized. Orders were received by him from American headquarters to abandon Fort Walla Walla on account of the Snake Indians being on the warpath. The American troops vacated, leaving almost all their belongings behind them. Mr. Sinclair, from his thorough acquaintance of the entire country, gave the troops great assistance. With reinforcements, he started back to re-occupy Fort Walla Walla, but on his way received word that the Indians, about 1000 in number, had plundered the fort and were in possession. This compelled him to make a halt twenty-five miles back, build a stockade and await further reinforcements. Here he remained for fifteen days, surrounded by large bodies of Indians. When reinforcements arrived, a night march was made on the fort, which was found in ruins. The Indians, however, were ousted from their positions after four days' fighting and driven back for forty miles.

In his report Mr. Sinclair states, "The Indians attacked the town of Seattle in the open day and would have destroyed it had not the *Decatur* sloop of war got her broadsides on and with shot and shell driven them off. I was a yard or two from the great Walla Walla chief, *Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox,* when he was shot. The whole scalp was taken from his head and cut into twenty pieces, his skull was equally divided for buttons, his ears preserved in a bottle of spirits and large strips of skin cut off his back to be made into razor strops. Such is Indian warfare."

In March 1856, Mr. Sinclair received orders to proceed again to Walla Walla with the object of salvaging any remaining Hudson's Bay property there. At the Cascades he had to wait the arrival of the steamer which was to bring the troops in whose company he was to travel. There was quite a settlement here on account of a tramway portage that was being built to circumvent the rapids. The Cascade Indians, while professing friendship with the settlers, were conspiring with other hostiles for a sudden attack on the defenceless village.

The attack came without warning, by volley fire from the heights above the settlement, on March 26th. Taken completely by surprise, the people rushed for the store and soon the entire population was gathered there. Mr. Sinclair walked to the door of the store to see what was going on. As he gained the open, a bullet struck him and he dropped mortally wounded. He was carried back into the building. A two-days gallant fight was kept up. Great rocks were rolled down the hills by the Indians and crashed into the store walls. Burning moss was hurled on the buildings, but all attempts to take the place were frustrated by vigilance and gallantry. Relief arrived on the third day and the Indians retreated across the mountains.

James Sinclair's body was taken down to Vancouver and was interred with full Masonic rites in the old military graveyard there.

When the news of his death reached Sir George Simpson, he read the message through twice, then, turning to Judge Johnson, he said sorrowfully, "The Hudson's Bay Company has lost its best officer."

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Fort Vancouver 1825 to 1847

A Western Calendar

THE Hudson's Bay Company's calendar for 1925 is a western production, and one in which the Pacific Coast people may feel especially interested. The picture represents Fort Vancouver, the headquarters of the Company's fur trade on the Pacific Coast from about 1825 to 1847, when headquarters were removed to Victoria.

Fort Vancouver was at the junction of the Willamette and Columbia rivers, where now stands the city of Vancouver in the State of Washington, U.S.A., which should not be confused with Vancouver in British Columbia.

Mr. H. T. Lockyer, general manager of the British Columbia stores, was asked to provide a picture for this year's calendar and, taking up the matter with his usual enthusiasm, finally selected old Fort Vancouver as the subject, and Mr. Henry Kent, of Vancouver, B.C., as the artist. Mr. Kent is employed by the Cleland Bell Engraving Company, Limited, which accounts for the picture being signed "Cleland Bell." Visits were paid to the former fort site and more than one design was considered.

Mr. Lockyer received congratulations from various people in the west, including the artist Mr. John Innes, who is painting historical pictures for the native sons of British Columbia, which pictures are to hang in the University of British Columbia as a gift from the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Lockyer himself wrote on November 7th that he was very pleased to see the lithographers had produced such excellent work and that it exceeded his expectations. The lithographers were Messrs. Bulman Bros., Limited, Winnipeg.

Great appreciation of the calendar has been expressed by Mr. Glenn Ranck, historian of the Fort Vancouver centennial celebration which are to be held this year at Vancouver in the State of Washington, U.S.A. In connection with this celebration, Mr. Ranck has written that it is proposed to build a model of the old fort and that they have the Hudson's Bay Company's flag that used to fly over the old fort.

Business and Athletics

By FRED WILLIAMS, Vancouver Store

LOOK on the attributes of a successful business man. He is a salesman handling merchandise or selling his own services. As a salesman, he must have personality in order to impress his customer favourably. Patience is a virtue which he must acquire. He must be intelligent, have foresight, stability and keen perception. Neat appearance and cleanliness play a large part in his success, as does knowledge of character. If he can be big hearted and have a sympathetic understanding, his personal appeal will be many times increased. He must be thoroughly fit and have that optimistic outlook on life which can be had only through absolutely good health.

Look on the attributes of a successful athlete. Patience and self-control must be his prime faculties. His foresight and perception are developed by everyday contact with new situations. His stability is developed to a high degree by constant practice and by teamwork. Neat he must be in everything he does, and a past master in the art of character study. If a true sportsman and in sympathy with the loser of the game, he will do all in his power to protect the feelings of his fellow athletes. He is certainly fit—he has to be; his work calls for it.

Turn now and place a tried athlete in the business world. He has already mastered many of the qualities which one looks for in a successful business man. He has self-reliance, independence, ability for hard work, self-knowledge, is dependable and has had competitive experience. He has learned co-operation and obedience. The door is open for his advancement.

To abandon sports entirely upon entering the business world is to impair your chances of success. How many men, broken in health, really enjoy their work or are successful? It matters not whether the exercise one takes be light or heavy, simple or difficult, the big point for consideration is physical condition. Everyone should indulge in enough clean, healthy, outdoor sport to keep himself *in the pink*. It is the road to success.

Children's play is replaced in the case of adults by sport. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" applies just as much in the business world as it does to the youngster. Sport affords relaxation from worry and care. It provides a centre of interest during free hours which would otherwise be taken up by business planning. The result is that, on return to work, one is rested and refreshed; renovation has taken place in mind and body. One is alert and has control of all one's faculties. Body and mind are linked closer together for the betterment of both.

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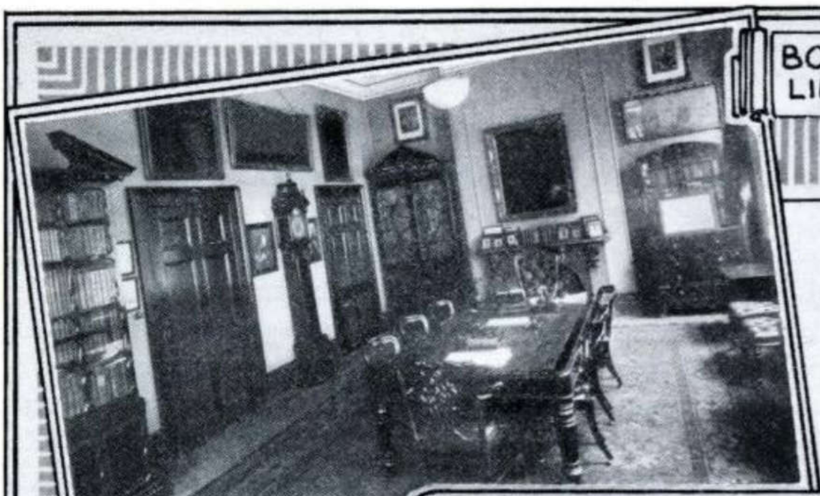
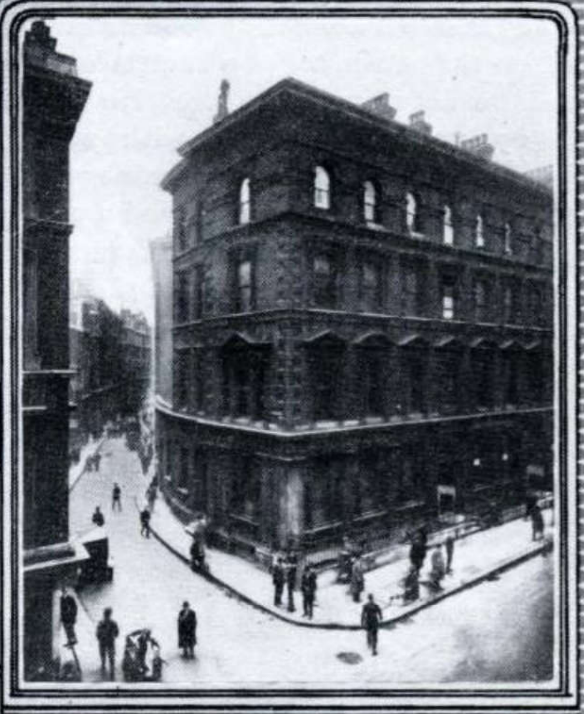
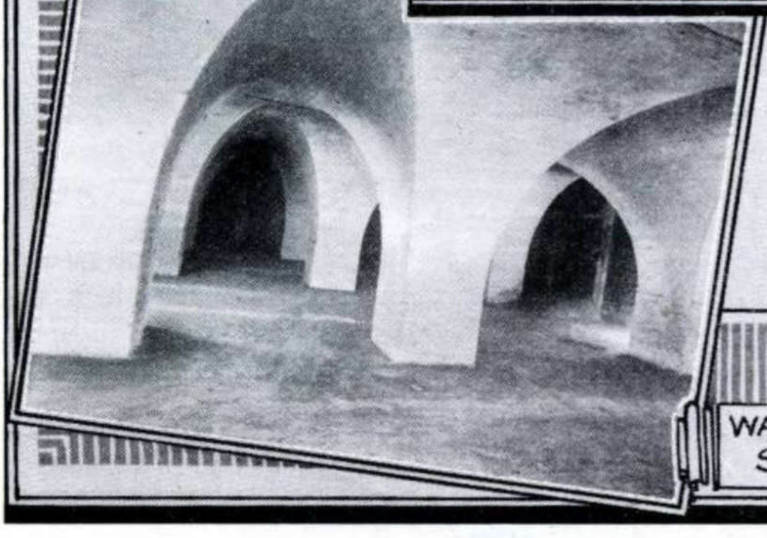
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.



BOARD ROOM
LIME STREET.



HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE
1. LIME STREET.



WAREHOUSE CELLAR
SOUTH SIDE.

Passing of No. 1 Lime Street

By A LONDON CORRESPONDENT

ONE midsummer day, 1924, the Company surrendered possession of the offices and fur warehouse at No. 1 Lime street, in the city of London. For well-nigh sixty years "No. 1, Lime street" connoted the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company; and now that it is at last in the hands of the housebreakers, it is perhaps opportune to recall some impressions of the old place.

The Lime street offices were really situated in Leadenhall street, facing the headquarters of the P. & O. Steamship Company, and over the very spot on which the old East India House once stood. The building comprised a ground floor, with basement beneath, and three floors above, each floor containing lofty rooms and approached by a spacious stone stairway. Viewed in the light of modern requirements, the offices were doubtless uneconomical of space and inconvenient of access, yet none who were accustomed to the daily round spent within their walls could fail to do them reverence.

On the first floor were situated the board room and an ante-room, the latter being kept for many years as a private room for Lord Strathcona. The board room was, in its way, probably unique. It contained the minimum of furniture, but each piece was a valuable antique. Ancient and rare books of reference and of travel were to be found in the glass-fronted book-cases, and on the walls hung oil paintings and pictures of peculiar interest to the Hudson's Bay Company.

The second floor for many years housed the secretary's office and the transfer department; many a weary caller must have longed for the provision of a lift when toiling up the two long flights of stone stairs which led to those superior apartments. Further up still, on the top floor, were to be found, in pre-war days at any rate, the accountant's offices and a typists' room. It seems a far cry nowadays since the time when the former accountant, David Russell, used to descend from his aerie on the third floor to invade the secretary's sanctum on the second floor, there to speak his mind in broad Scots to William Ware, the then secretary. By all accounts, "Wee David" usually managed to retire from these encounters with flying colours, although in stature he was considerably below the average.

After Lord Strathcona's death, considerable alterations were made in the offices. The ground floor tenants were got rid of and the offices entirely remodelled, so that the secretary's office and transfer department were readily available on the ground floor. The shipping office, which was the predecessor of the present buying department, was likewise housed on the ground floor. The top floor was vacated by the accountants, who migrated to the floor below, and the housekeeper was rescued from the dinginess of the basement and promoted to light and freedom in the top storey.

All these permutations and combinations but serve to show the inadequacy of the old building for the growing requirements of the Company's business, and it was not until during the war period other accommodation was taken in Bishopsgate that the various departments had sufficient space in which to work.

As regards the fur warehouse, little alteration was made in its outward aspect during the period of the Company's occupation, with the exception of the big alteration to the roof of the southern section occasioned by the removal of the Avenue Telephone Exchange when the National Telephone Company was taken over by the G.P.O. The warehouse fabric was extremely strong (as the house-breakers have probably found to their cost), the walls being in places nearly three feet thick. The cellar contained a wonderful array of brick arches, hardly to be equalled and certainly not surpassed anywhere else in London. This basement was lighted from the street by arched windows, wherein bricks were very carefully fashioned to give the maximum light. From the ground floor upwards, the weights of the various floors (or decks as they were familiarly called) were supported by a series of iron pillars, which divided the floors at regular intervals and formed useful uprights for sundry purposes connected with the sorting and display of skins. The windows were all of small panes in stout iron frames, usually guarded by iron shutters. There was in the warehouse a goods lift, but none for passengers, who had perforce to use the stone stairway that reached from the ground floor to the top in eight flights of stairs, up which incidentally the King and Queen climbed some years ago when inspecting the Company's collection of furs.

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Our Imposing Store at Vancouver

The Company has announced the rebuilding of the old portion of the Vancouver store on Granville street, involving an expenditure of $2,500,000. It will be built in two units, which will conform in every way to the present one, and when completed the store will have a frontage of 250 feet on Granville street, 260 feet on Georgia street, and 175 feet on Seymour street. Construction work will start in April this year, and the first unit is expected to be ready for occupancy by the spring of 1926. The second unit will be proceeded with immediately afterwards. The entire building programme is expected to take two and a half years to complete. While the present construction is limited to six storeys, and two basements, the foundations and columns will be sufficiently strong to provide for a further addition of four storeys.

A picture of the store as it will appear in 1927 is given on the inside front cover of this issue.

British Columbia District

A Short History of Fur Trade West of the Rocky Mountains

By C. H. FRENCH, British Columbia District

THE great Rocky mountain range so effectively separated the east from the west that practically two organizations of the Hudson's Bay Company's operations were necessary, east of the mountains drawing their supplies through York Factory, while from the west ships arrived direct from England to the Columbia and later to Victoria.

There were thirty-seven posts in the western department, which have dwindled through loss of territory until today ten are all that remain.

From Fort Vancouver, Washington, the trade route to the interior was via the Columbia river, Kootenay, Thompson and Fraser rivers. At Thompson river (now Kamloops) a great horse ranch was operated, whence pack animals were drawn to handle the overland journey.

Fort St. James was district headquarters for New Caledonia.

The Cariboo mining excitement of 1855 was perhaps the greatest disturbing factor in the western department's history. It caused their men to become dissatisfied, and resulted in forcing wages to a point higher than the fur trade could stand, besides opening up new trade routes and in other ways becoming an obstacle almost insurmountable. It did not end with that excitement, but was carried on by Omineca and Cassiar, 1872, and Klondyke, 1898.

After the amalgamation of the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company in 1821, the trade was pushed north along the coast and in the interior of Alaska from the MacKenzie river side by way of the Liard and Porcupine rivers, resulting in a lease of south-eastern Alaska being secured from the Russian-American Company. This lease existed very profitably to the Company from 1840 until 1867, when the United States purchased outright all the Russian holdings in America, causing the closing out of posts owned by the Company in that territory, just as was the case in that part of Oregon and Washington occupied by them.

British Columbia is divided into sections under the following names: Kootenay, Cariboo, Chilcoten, New Caledonia, Omineca, Cassiar and Coast. Our operations are confined today to New Caledonia, Omineca and Cassiar, posts in the other sections being long since closed out. Still the whole province is yet a heavy producer of fine furs, and in my opinion will become the greatest producer of farmed furs in the world because of its vast acreage of suitable sites, ideal climate and abundance of food.

Railroads have replaced the Company's pack train and canoe routes. It is interesting to note that the development of the province shows the wisdom of the site selections made by the Company's officers, as invariably these selections have been retained for distributing points by railroads.

A Memorable Journey

By W. E. SWAFFIELD, M.B.E.
Former District Manager of Esquimaux Bay District

DURING the winter of 1912, when district headquarters was at Rigolet, Hamilton Inlet, I had already visited both Cartwright and Northwest River posts, and on the 11th of March started with my old Eskimo driver, Tom Pallisser, and a good team of twelve husky dogs for Davis Inlet, situated in a straight line about two hundred miles north of Rigolet. This trip was always considered the hardest on both man and beast, so was usually left for the last. However, the ice being in good condition, I anticipated reaching my destination in eight days and carried sufficient dogs' and men's food for that length of time.

Leaving the post at noon, I intended passing the night with a well-to-do trapper at Tickerachook, which point we had to take in to cross the Big Neck, a distance of over thirty miles.

Bright and early the next morning we started, but made poor progress, as we had to break the trail and the ground being mostly covered with low brush made travelling exceedingly difficult. However, by dark we reached Big Brook, estimated as being half way, and camped there for the night. Leaving our tent standing for use on our return, we started for Ticherachook and passed the night with the Cove boys; after dark the following day we reached Makkovik, where Mr. Lenz, the Moravian missionary stationed there, made us most welcome.

As I only intended doing a short journey, it was 10 a.m. before I got under way for Tickerachook. En route I touched in at Bens Cove to call upon Tom Evans, an old English sailor, who many years before had run away from his vessel, married, turned trapper and fisherman. He was looked upon by all with respect, and a Company's employee would never think of passing his house without calling in and getting the local news. Although bright and clear in the morning, by the time I reached Tom's house it had become very overcast. He and his good wife used all their persuasive powers to entice me to remain with them overnight; but, being pig-headed, at 2 p.m. I decided to start, although greatly against my old Eskimo driver's advice and inclinations. The distance from Bens Cove to Tickerachook (which means outside land) is only twelve miles, and we should under ordinary conditions have reached Joshua's sealing hut in two hours' travelling. However, as I rounded Bens Cove point to strike across the bay I met an old friend of mine named Richard White. He endeavoured to persuade me to return with him to Bens Cove as he was sure a big storm was brewing. Although I held the same opinion, I had his komatik track to follow, so decided to carry on.

It was 3 p.m. when we parted company, and less than half an hour after the snow commenced falling in earnest—big heavy flakes through which it was impossible to see over one hundred yards. This soon obliterated White's komatik tracks, forcing us to fall back on our small compass for guidance. Anticipating no difficulty in striking at least some part of the outside land on which Joshua's sealing hut was situated, we proceeded in good spirits for another two hours, Tom walking ahead of the dogs on snowshoes. By this time it was dark, so our compass was no further use to us. It was then we both realized we were lost, Tom thinking we had gone too far west, taking us into the bay, while I was under the impression we had taken too easterly a course, missing Tickerachook and heading for the open water. However it was imperative that we should find land of some kind for shelter, as we both realized that immediately a breeze sprang up the light snow would drift, with a possibility of us both perishing before the storm abated; so we carried on and at the end of another hour ran into a small island rock some hundred yards long, six feet high and perfectly smooth on the top, which neither of us on previous trips had ever seen. Here we decided to pass the night. Tom started looking for shelter, but in this he was disappointed. At the easternmost end of the island rock he found a bank of snow in which he thought he could dig a hole in which both of us could remain until the storm abated.

Our camping outfit, as previously stated, we had left at Big Brook, and all we had with us to hew out our snow shelter was an axe. With this we started, but had only dug in three feet when we struck solid rock. We then went around the ground again in hope of finding a more suitable snow bank, but, failing, returned to the one we had already started operations upon. We then decided that the only thing we could do was to build a double wall about three feet high, three feet long and three feet wide with blocks of snow from the entrance of our hole, unlash our sleeping bags from the komatik, and crawl into them the best way we could and hope for the best. This we did, and by 11 p.m. were fast asleep inside.

It must have been about 1 a.m. when I awoke with a peculiar sensation of fainting and, thinking a breath of fresh air would do me good, I endeavoured to pull up my legs so that I might sit up in my sleeping bag. This I found impossible and at once realized that we were snowed in and suffocating. I shook Tom, but, getting no response, came to the conclusion that he was insensible and that it was up to me now to save him as well as myself. Lying as I was on my back, with naked hands I started digging a hole over my head. The dislodged snow, falling on my warm face and chest, soon melted and in a short time the upper part of my body was soaking wet, but inside of ten minutes my hand went through and it was not long before my body followed. It was now blowing a gale and drifting to such an extent that I could not see my dogs, which I had left lying at the entrance to our shelter. However, the fresh air soon revived me and I started in to effect Tom's rescue. Meantime the hole out of which I had crawled had again drifted full of snow, so, taking my snowshoe, I started digging with it for all I was worth, and it was not long before I had his face exposed. Tom was still insensible and, he being a heavy man, it required a considerable amount of exertion on my part to drag him out of the hole. It was some time before Tom showed any sign of life. At last he moved his head and mumbled something in his own language. After a few more shakes, it gradually dawned on him who I was, and in a pleading voice he whispered, "Please leave me alone; my time has come." This made me the more determined to save him, and I worked myself into a heavy perspiration to get him to stand upon his feet. After strong persuasion I got him to walk and eventually to run. We kept a backward and forward movement going for about an hour, which somewhat warmed Tom up. Then we started searching for shelter. Failing to find anything better than a low snow bank, we each secured a blanket, which we folded over our heads, and settled down in the snow, hoping and praying that the storm would soon be over. Inside of an hour we were shivering with cold, and the drifting snow had almost buried us. Realizing that if I intended keeping Tom alive I should have to get him moving again, I struggled to my feet and shook him. He was in a pretty bad way and repeatedly requested me to leave him alone as his time had come. After a while I got him moving again and kept him going until I considered he was in a warm enough condition to remain still for another spell. This performance was gone through hourly during the night and until six next evening, when the gale abated sufficiently to allow us to see the tops of some islands which we knew, thereby giving us an idea of our whereabouts, which was about one mile outside of Tickerachook and three miles from Joshua's sealing hut.

We had now been about thirty hours without a drink and had eaten very little, owing to the fact that the food we had with us had frozen so hard that it was almost impossible to bite it; besides we were both more or less frostbitten, so were in no condition to pass another night in the open. Without waste of time we started for Joshua's hut, which we reached shortly after dark and were heartily welcomed by the owner and his good wife.

It took two days over their little stove to dry our sleeping bags and clothes, and on the morning of the third, feeling fairly fit, we bade our kind and hospitable Eskimo friends goodbye and started for Davis Inlet, which post we made three days later.

"Night at the Lonely Fork of the Red and Assiniboine."
(See "Nocturne of the Prairies" by Rev. David Howarth)

Nocturne of the Prairies

By DAVID HOWARTH

(*Night at the lonely fork of the Red and Assiniboine, when the forts have gone and when Winnipeg has come.*)

I

I sweep with the roll of the centuries
O'er the haunts of the race of man;
I nectar sip
From the clouds that tip
The hills and the valleys span.

Under the stars from my aeried nest
I've swept o'er the grass-tossed main,
Till I hung aloft
Where the waves sing soft
The rune of the tasselled grain.

II

Stooping, I've harked their magic rime
Plashing the willowed bar,
Where the waves unite
For their married flight
To the white northlands afar.

Over the croon of their endless song
The hooves of a shaggy horde,
And the quaking tramp
Of its mighty stamp
As over the plain it poured.

The grey owl frets in his lonely bluff;
The hawk whirrs in his flight;
The wolf's weird cry
Shrills to the sky;
The wind sobs through the night.

Moonlight glistens along the flow
Where the wavelets bend the reed;
Against the blicker
Of campfire flicker
The metis smokes his weed.

Through the hushed hum of the sleeping plain
And the ripples' ceaseless play,
A million feet,
With music sweet,
Strike earth in the far-away.

III

Again I swoop to the gleaming fork
Where the rivers murmur low
The tales that speed
From the swimming reed
And the waves that wash and flow.

Walls loom dark in the moon-sheen,
Grim bastions jutting forth;
And flags unfurled
By light winds curled
Flap lazily to the North.

There's glimmer and glance 'neath their shaking folds;
The loopholes gush with light;
Along the walls
The sentinel calls
Through the rolling mists of night.

The coyote screams from his shadowy grove,
And sweet on the bated air,
With mellow ring,
The twin-bells sing
To the werwolf in his lair.

And clear, as I sweep from the grassy plain
To the cataracts at their play,
I hear the beat
Of countless feet
Tramping in from the far-away.

IV

Once more I drop from the snow-tipped crest
By the laughing torrents splashed;
A-down I swing
From the hills a-wing
And the wild crags tempest lashed.

The owl still grieves with his moody mate
Till the red glow streaks the dawn;
The wolf's weird bay
Is far away
Trailing the luckless fawn.

Great arches span the turbid wash
And up from the city's womb,
Tower and spire
Dazzling fire
Out-topple the nestled gloom.

They're tramping in from the rim of the world,
Streaming from East and West;
From isle and veldt,
Slav, Saxon, Celt,
Singing, they march abreast.

And filling the sky to my craggy nest,
Over the grass-tossed main,
The mighty song
Of a countless throng
Rolls over the tasselled grain.

Sealing from S.S. Nascopie

By J. LEDINGHAM, Chief Engineer

IN the olden times, in fact from the days of the earliest sailing ship of the Hudson's Bay Company, when the *Nonsuch* carried her first cargo into the bay, the ships were small and carried only a few hundred tons. For many years the ships continued to be about this size until the advent of the Company's first steamer, the *Labrador*. Then followed the *Erik*, the *Pelican*, the *Discovery*, names that will be remembered by many of the older men in the service. Then the day of the bigger steel steamer arrived, when, in 1912, the *Nascopie*, about 3000 tons dead weight, was built for the Company.

The annual seal hunt from St. Johns takes place each year during the months of March and April. Early in March the ship is being made ready. The decks are covered over with one-inch boards first. As the sealers wear boots the soles of which are studded with spikes to prevent slipping whilst on the ice, these boards are to prevent the permanent wood decks being cut up by the spikes. Bunks to hold some 250 men are built in the 'tween-decks, the full complement of men on board being 270. Extra store-rooms are also built. For the use of the men solely a large cooking galley was built into the ship during her construction.

About forty extra boats are taken on board, and many rope ladders to assist the men climbing up and down the ship's sides, also coils of small ropes to be cut up into suitable lengths and used by the men as hauling lines when hauling a tow of "fat" to the ship. Each man is provided with a gaff to help him over the ice.

All the sealers are shipped on a share basis. If the trip is successful, a man's share may be $100, and—no seals, no money. The owners advance each man an equipment, which is deducted from wages when paying off.

By March 12th all is in readiness, and on sailing day, which is March 13th, some twenty ships are moving out of the harbour amidst much

Leaving ship for the hunt

Dispatching a seal

excitement and blowing of whistles, each ship trying to make more noise than her neighbour. After getting outside the narrows we steam along in open water with a full head of steam, racing madly down the shore, jockeying with each other to get the lead.

Ice is next encountered, when the big ships have the advantage of being able to force their way through the pack. The smaller ships try to keep in the "wake" or else follow the "leads" or cracks in the ice.

Perhaps, after a day's steaming, the first "whitecoat," as the young seal is called, is sighted. A sealer scrambles over the side, clubs the young seal and hauls it on board. It is taken to the captain (an experienced seal killer) and his officers. Discussion takes place as to whether this particular seal is one of the northern or southern patch of seals. After judgment is given, the tail is cut off and hung up in the saloon and success to the voyage is drunk in the usual time-honoured way. Then the ship is headed where it is thought the seals are likely to be. A good look-out is kept from the masthead and perhaps soon the cry of "seals ahead!" is heard. Every man gets his line, knife and gaff ready and is just waiting for the order "all hands overboard." Killing commences as once. Men drag their seals to a pan of ice, and when there are a hundred or more on it a flag is put up showing the ship's recognized number or initial. Then another pan is made up and flagged, until for miles the ice-field may be dotted with flags.

The ship follows the men and picks up the seals on each pan in rotation. When night begins to come on, the pans have lights put on them to facilitate picking up after dark. It is often necessary to use the searchlight at night-time picking up.

A pan of seal pelts

About midnight the ship is stopped; the men try to snatch what sleep they can and also stow the seals on deck during the night watches. Up before day-break next morning, the same procedure is gone through until that particular patch of seals is cleaned up. Then away to hunt for another patch! If the seals are plentiful and not scattered too much, the ship may pick up a good catch in a few weeks or less.

If the young seals are not struck within a few weeks of their birth, they take to the water, when it is almost hopeless to get a load, as they have then to be shot. A young seal in a few weeks averages about fifty pounds in weight.

When a good patch of seals is struck, only enough men remain on board to work the ship along. Often I have seen the captain in the look-out at the masthead, the doctor at the wheel and chief engineer on the bridge. The cooks are generally on board and, in the midst of getting meals ready, they have to jump on the ice, "strap on" and drive winches. The doctor is sometimes kept very busy bandaging wounds, as most men happen to cut their hands when skinning seals, and the cuts, if not attended to, develop into nasty sores.

The fat of the young whitecoat makes the purest oil, so that it is the ambition of every ship's crew to get as many young as possible. If a family of seals happens to be together when a sealer approaches, the "old man" will slide into the water immediately, but the mother will stay and defend her young, often attacking and tearing a man's clothes.

Arriving back at St. Johns, discharging takes place immediately. The skins are laid out in the sheds, the fat cut off and sent away to the culling machinery, then passed on to the vats to be rendered down. There are steam vats and sun vats. The sun vats make the purest oil, almost as clear as a glass of water.

They are generally a happy crowd, the Newfoundland sealers, playing all kinds of pranks on one another. They are very strict in their observance of Sundays at sea; I have seen the ship stopped at midnight Saturday and not started again till midnight Sunday.

Very often serious accidents occur, when ships and men pay the penalty—the wooden ships getting crushed in the ice; men getting astray on the ice in snowstorms. Only a few years ago some forty men lost their lives in this way. Another ship, homeward bound, with a full load, disappeared without leaving any trace. The *Nascopie* herself did not come off scot-free. One day, amidst the ice, the four blades were stripped from her propeller. After three days' strenuous work, new ones were put on by the engineers and the ship managed to get a paying load.

Stowaways are always at the seal fishing, sometimes boys just beginning their teens, and when put to work take themselves very seriously. One lad, while the ship was homeward bound, happened to be down in the stokehold when the mate sent for him to come and polish brass-work. Quick as lightning came his answer: "You go and tell the mate polishing brass-work won't get the ship along. I'm firing."

It's not always possible for even the powerful ships to force a passage through the ice, especially if fishing within sight of land with a strong inshore wind and the ice jammed and rafted up. In company with three other steel ships, the *Nascopie* was held fast for sixteen days. The weather was generally fine and the men played all kinds of games, even to pitching buttons. Mock trials are held and suitable punishment given to the unlucky offenders.

All the ships are fitted with wireless and keep in touch with the coast stations. Lately an aeroplane has been added, and it takes a flight out over the ice to try to locate the seals, when it transmits the news to the ships.

By the end of April the last sealer is generally in and the seal fishing is over for another year.

The Poet's Ear

When strolling by the river's brink
Last night, I heard the bob-o-link.
'Tis true, it may have been a frog
Croaking beneath some friendly log;
But I'm a poet, so I think
In words that rhyme, like bob-o-link.
And, had I wandered on the hill,
I would have heard a whip-poor-will.

—Robert Watson.

Thomas Moore

28th May 1779—26th February 1852

By QUIS SEPARABIT

THOMAS MOORE, the eldest child of John Moore, a spirit grocer, and Anastasia Clodd, was born at No. 12, Aungier Street, Dublin. While his parents were not wealthy, Moore, almost from his cradle, seems to have moved in a superior class of society. Originally intended for the law, we find him at twenty-one *persona grata* with the Prince of Wales, to whom he was permitted to dedicate his *Odes of Anacreon*. He was a friend of Byron (it is interesting to recall that Byron satirized Moore in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*), Jeffrey, of *The Edinburgh Review*, and Sir Walter Scott. Also, as sponsors for his children, he had Byron, Lady Donegal, Lord Lansdowne, Dr. Parr and Lord John Russell. The latter became his biographer. Lord Moira secured him a position as registrar of a prize court at Bermuda. Here, apparently, his troubles began. Moore almost immediately appointed a deputy, and returned home *via* Canada and the United States. This trip should be of interest to Canadians owing to the fact that he wrote his "Canadian Boat Song" on the St. Lawrence on the occasion. Shortly after arriving home he was held responsible for the defalcations of his deputy for about £6000. Moore retired to Paris to avoid arrest. The loss was later placed at £1000, and Moore eventually discharged his obligation, refusing all financial help.

Apart from the fact that he was ushered into the world at a very troublous period of his country's existence, his father seems to have saturated him with politics; and it is due to luck, more than discretion, that Moore's name has been handed down to posterity in its present honoured state. At college he was associated with the brilliant but unfortunate Robert Emmett, and many others who figured prominently in the rebellion of 1798. Fortunately, no hostile act could be charged against Moore, and he was ill when the trouble actually broke out.

Moore's works include "Lives" of Byron, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Sheridan; *Intercepted Letters, or The Twopenny Postbag*, which reveals him in his natural element, the field of political and social satire; *The Fudge Family in Paris*; and *The Loves of the Angels*. He is, of course, remembered chiefly for his *Irish Melodies* and *Lalla Rookh*. The former took him twenty-eight years to complete (1806-1834). *Lalla Rookh* was published in 1817. It was his most elaborate poem, for which he received 3000 guineas. Those who admire the gorgeousness and imagery of the East will always appreciate *Lalla Rookh*, but it is too heavy for the average reader. That champion mixer of metaphors, Sir Boyle Roche, would probably have described it as *top-heavy with footnotes*. *Byron's Life*, despite the delicate nature of the undertaking, is regarded as one of the author's best literary efforts in prose.

Although Moore is seldom spoken of as *the* or *a* national poet of Ireland, his claim to national honour is none the less secure. Who but a patriot, a keen observer, and a lover of the beautiful, could write of his country as Moore has written of that part of it, the sweet Vale of Ovoca?

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

His "Lines on the Death of Grattan" are the lament of a patriot for one greater than himself. Moore's interest in the distinguished men of his country and time is evidenced by his eulogy of Sheridan:

"Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart
And could call up its sunshine or bring down its showers."

Pursuing the same line of thought, but in humorous vein, we read his "Epitaph on a Tuft-Hunter":

"Heaven grant him now some noble nook,
For, rest his soul, he'd rather be
Genteely damned beside a duke
Than saved in vulgar company."

We have throughout his *Melodies* many tender references which can only be intended for the one woman in the whole wide world:

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms

* * * * * *

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close!
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose."

Moore's marriage to Bessy Dyke was a life-long honeymoon. He is an example of the perfect lover—a man who loved wisely and well. It is, therefore, only natural to find "Loves Young Dream" included in his *Melodies*, and concluding with a shout of schoolboy enthusiasm born of high ideals:

"No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

During his life, Moore was overshadowed by Byron and Scott, but the fact did not affect individual friendships. He was awarded in 1835 a crown pension of £300 a year and in 1850 £100 a year was settled on his wife. His memoirs by Lord John Russell brought his widow £3000. It is a most elaborate biography, and those who have the time to read it will be amply compensated. Few men of any rank have led cleaner or better-ordered lives. This in large measure accounts for his attaining the (for poets) exceptional age of seventy-three years. He died at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, Wiltshire, England. To-day, over seventy years after his death, he is the most popular poet of Ireland.

The Peace Pipe

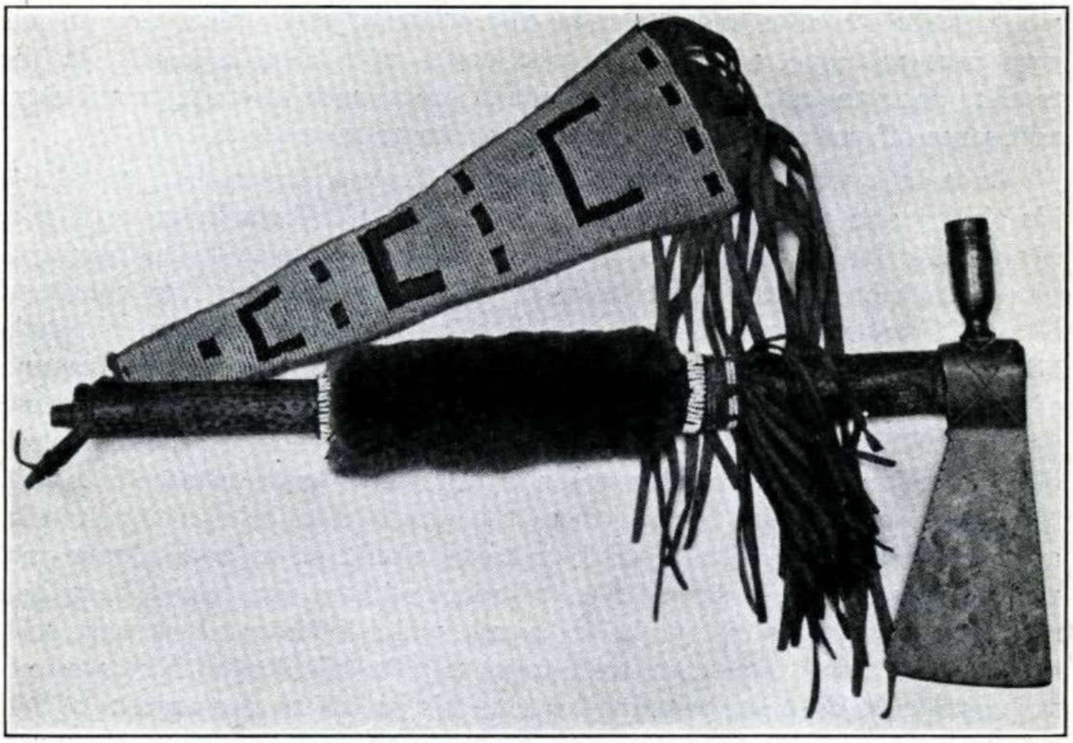
By DR. JOHN MACLEAN

IN these days of peace when the war-whoop of the Indians resounds no more on the western prairies and treaties made with native tribes are events of history, the peace pipe is passing out of the hands of the chiefs into museums or private collections of aboriginal relics, and without any records, it becomes of little or no interest save as a specimen of native art. The gift of the pipe of peace is no longer significant of an end of tribal war and the cementing of a bond of friendship, but partakes of the nature of good fellowship or in honour of some notable event, and yet, in the years not far distant when the red man was in power on the American continent, it held an important place at religious festivals, tribal councils, and conferences between rival tribes.

As a link between the past and present, a notable event occurred on October 12th, 1912, in Regina, the capital of the province of Saskatchewan, when the Duke of Connaught, governor-general of Canada, formally opened the new legislative building. Following the ceremony, there was presented to the duke a handsome Indian peace pipe, about eighteen inches in length, and hanging from it were the tail feathers of an eagle, an ermine skin, and a medicine bag. The pipe and its accessories were offered to the government of Saskatchewan by Rev. E. K. Matheson, of Battleford, a descendant of the original Selkirk settlers, for the purpose of being presented, and was procured by him from *Onisasin Geesekow* (Fine Day), of the *See-See-Kwahmis* (Sweetgrass) reserve, a well-known brave and an active participant in several engagements with the Blackfeet. He is still alive and is now married to one of the widows of the late Chief Poundmaker, famous in rebellion days.

The veteran smoker may look with pride upon his highly coloured meerschaum, the companion of years; still he is a stranger to the reverence of the red man for some of his pipes and the place held by tobacco in the native ceremonial and religious feasts. The war pipe is reckoned among those that are sacred, and when a tribe has decided to go to war and a large war party is desired, invitations are sent by means of camp criers to the warriors, who assemble in a spacious lodge, listen to the appeals of the leaders and, the pipe having been filled by one of the chiefs, all who are willing to join the party indulge in a smoke. Abstinence from participation implies refusal. The giving and receiving of tobacco between the tribes became a matter of deep concern to the settlers during the rebellion of 1885 in the Canadian northwest, and when we learned that Big Bear had sent runners among the western Crees with gifts of tobacco, we waited in suspense for the latest news.

In all the religious assemblies of the natives, as in the sun dance of the Blackfeet, and the thirst dance of the Crees, the sacred pipe is filled with



Pipe of Peace (from Hudson's Bay Historical Exhibit, Winnipeg)

tobacco and *kinni-kinnick*, and the stem is pointed toward the four points of the compass as a recognition of the Supreme Power. In the ceremony of the midawin of the Ojibwas, the chief medicine man makes a smoke offering by taking a whiff and then pointing the stem of the pipe to the east, another whiff and the stem is held to the south, with similar whiffs and gestures to the west and north; a long whiff is taken with an expression of reverence, and the pipe stem is directed forward and upward to the Great Spirit, and finally, there is a long whiff and a similar gesture forward and downward toward the earth as an offering to the Mother of the Universe. When Blackfoot Old Woman, a minor chief of the Blood Indians, had one of his children very sick in his lodge, I called upon him, and he told me with real sincerity that the patient was going to recover, as he had purchased a famous pipe from another chief, paying ten horses for it, and then he took me outside and showed me a decorated receptacle which held the pipe and was fastened to the lodge.

Every tribe has its own peculiar style of pipe, though there is a general similarity, such as is to be found in national costumes, architecture and form of house. Such was the reverence and so great was the faith that some tribes had in the sacred pipes that special tents were provided for their safety, as well as a pipe keeper, for no unchaste person might handle them, else harm would come to the tribe and the mysterious power would depart from the pipe. Among the several kinds of pipes which I have seen in use by the western tribes are the small individual pipes belonging to the women, who were as inveterate smokers as the men. But seldom would a man condescend to smoke one of them, every man carrying his own personal pipe, with his tobacco pouch and *kinni-kinnick*. At the trading posts the natives bought heads of pipes made of white or red clay, and some of metal, while they made the stems themselves.

Once in a while there would appear a famous pipemaker, noted for his ability and artistic skill. There was an old Ojibwa living on Great Manitoulin Island, known as "The Pipemaker," because of the beautiful pipes which he made. His tools were primitive indeed, as they consisted of an old saw constructed from a piece of an iron hoop, and the materials he used were the black pipestone of Lake Huron, the white pipestone of St. Joseph's Island, and the red pipestone of the famous Red Stone Quarry. During my residence among the Blood Indians, there was an old pipemaker of great ability as a sculptor who was accustomed to visit the shore of the Belly River, where the city of Lethbridge now stands, and collecting choice bits of soft blue stone, would return to his lodge and with a cheap knife, a simple file and piece of hoop iron carve beautiful specimens of pipes with symbolic figures, which in later years were sold at fancy prices to collectors and tourists. At his death there was no successor, and no pipes remained among his people as mementoes of his skill and fame. There was one pipe specially remembered by me, because the material had such a soft and delicate hue, and the serpent symbol was carved so accurately and had so delicate a finish that I forgot the haggard features of the aged nomad of the plains and saw underneath the red skin of the mighty buffalo hunter an artist who had never gone to school and still possessed the genius and artistic spirit of the great sculptor.

Frequent indeed were the times I spent with Bull Shield and Calf Shirt discussing the tribal customs of the Bloood Indians and contrasting them with those of the white folks. The long stem of the pipe was not for the purpose of enjoying a cool smoke, but its real significance was seen in the carvings and the feathers hanging thereon, with their respective meanings. When two natives belonging to different tribes met on the prairie and knew not whether they were friends or enemies, the long stem was pointed by one toward the other, and if he touched it they became friends, and when placed between two combatants it usually ended the quarrel. The bearer of a sacred pipe could go unharmed to the village of a hostile tribe, taking care to arrive in daylight, and he was always protected and well treated. It was carried around the circle of chiefs assembled at the meetings of the native council. Indeed the pipe and tobacco held a very important place among the native tribes and figure largely in the early history of the west.

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"A man that is afraid of the truth is afraid of the law of life. A man who does not love the truth is in the way of decay and failure." *Woodrow Wilson*

Cree Indian Legends

No. 2—The Story of Iashishish (As Told by Capesisit)

By CHAS. H. M. GORDON, Fort Alexander

ONCE upon a time, in a fertile part of the country, there lived an Indian called *Iashish*, with his two wives. He had only one son, named *Iashishish*. The father, perceiving that the boy's stepmother showed too great a fondness for him, became very jealous and harboured evil thoughts against him.

One day both father and son went ahunting in different directions. The latter, feeling unwell, returned to the tent earlier than he otherwise would have done, his hunt consisting only of one spruce partridge, and it he brought back alive. Playfully, he began to tease his stepmother with the bird, and it accidentally inflicted with its claws a wound on her leg. Just then the father returned and, seeing the blood, enquired of his wife the cause of it. She told him. He did not say anything, but, smothering his anger, determined to get rid of his son.

Next day *Iashish* prepared to go to an island some distance from the mainland, ostensibly to gather eggs, and asked his son to accompany him. Never imagining that this was a ruse of his father's to get rid of him, he obeyed.

Whilst *Iashishish* was collecting the eggs on a remote part of the island, the father launched his canoe and made for the mainland. The boy, returning, saw the canoe with his father in it. "Come back! Why do you leave me to perish?" he called out. *Iashish* only paddled the faster, and was soon lost to sight.

Iashishish began to cry piteously. A large gull flying over the island enquired the cause of the boy's distress. After being told, the gull said, "You get hold of my tail-quills and I may be able to fly with you to the mainland." *Iashishish* did what he was told, and the gull, with a mighty effort, attempted to raise itself from the ground; but the boy was too heavy, so the gull, with words of encouragement, flew away.

Next day, whilst looking seaward, the boy saw a very large fish making straight for where he stood. When it came within hailing distance it called out, "*Iashishish*, son of *Iashish*, why do you weep and lament? Is not your mother able to send you succour when needed? Get upon my back; but first look north, south, east and west, for, should there be any sign of a storm brewing, I will be unable to save you. The boy assured the fish that the sky was clear. The fish then stipulated that, during their progress to land, should *Iashishish* see a cloud arise in the west, he must mention it, and beat him on the sides with his feet if he thought he swam too slowly. The boy agreed.

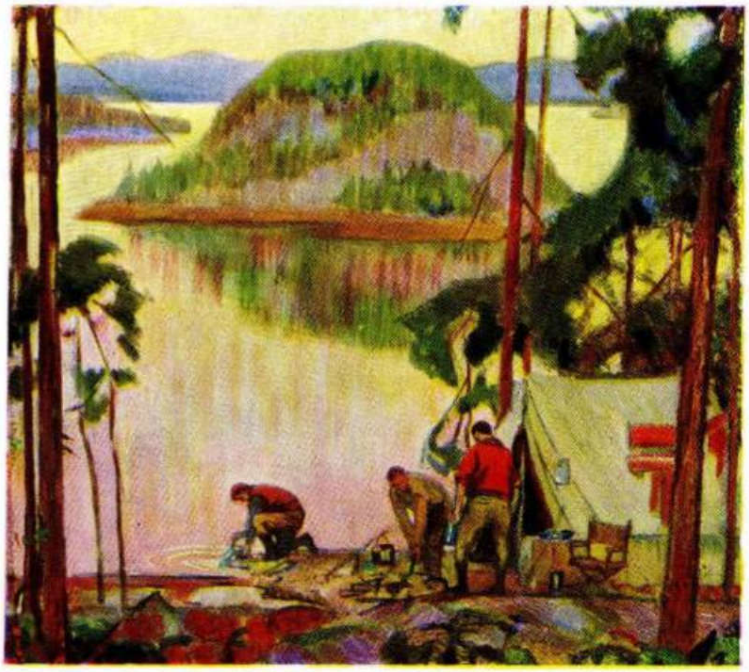
When they had gone about half the distance across, *Iashishish* noticed a small dark cloud, but, his fears not being aroused, contented himself by beating on the sides of the fish with his feet, to make it go faster. The cloud soon assumed a threatening aspect; then thunder began to roll. The fish, hearing the noise, enquired of *Iashishish* what it meant. "Oh," said he, "that is the echo when I beat your sides." The lightning was now flashing all over and the thunder rolling, so the fish said, "Surely this cannot be an echo. You are deceiving me. It must be thunder." The boy then told him that the storm was approaching rapidly. "I thought so," said the fish. "This is your father's conjuration; but, with the help of your mother's good spirit, we will yet get safely to shore, though I may lose my life in the attempt. If you had only told me earlier I could have guarded this off, but now our only hope is to make speed. When I get into shallow water jump off my back and hasten to the shore, and be sure not to look back." A few minutes later, the fish touched shoal water, so *Iashishish* did what was required of him; but he looked back, contrary to the fish's wish, and saw the next flash of lightning strike his preserver, killing it instantly.

He had not proceeded very far, when he was met by a fox woman, who presented him with a cub fox and an ermine, telling him he would likely require the aid of both. Thanking his benefactor, he continued his journey homeward.

He came to the tent of an old Indian who had very large joints on his knees. These he used to crush the life out of victims whom he had induced to sleep in his tent. He would have been successful in this case had not the cub fox fastened its teeth in the old man and so awoke *Iashishish*.

Next night he had to sleep in a tent wherein lived two blind old squaws. Their peculiarity was that they had exceedingly sharp elbows, which they used as weapons. He crept noiselessly into the tent and squatted himself on one side, watching them. They were saying to each other, "What ails *Iashish's* son that he does not come?" They were cooking some fat venison. It smelled so savoury that, being hungry after his long walk, *Iashishish* could not resist the temptation to help himself; so, taking a long pointed stick, he began forking out some of the meat. Soon one of the squaws, thinking that the venison was now sufficiently cooked, began to dish it out. She then found that someone had been helping himself. "This must be *Iashishish's* doings," she cried. "He is here." Simultaneously, the two squaws moved to the door of the tent to prevent him getting out. *Iashishish* was in a dilemma, but it occurred to him that if he teased the old squaws they would probably strike out with their elbows and disable each other. Putting one of his mitts on the end of a stick, he began to poke at one and then at the other. Thinking that he was near them they began to ply their elbows in hope of striking him, but instead each one crippled the other. So, by this means *Iashishish* escaped the second danger set by his father.

There was one more danger; but here the ermine given to him by the fox woman came to his aid. It informed him that he would have to pass



Well-built Knives for Hunters, Trappers, and Fishermen

WHEN you get your hands on a Remington Hunter's, Trapper's, or Fisherman's knife, you'll know you've got hold of a well-built, practical tool that will stand up under hard usage.

There are blades correctly designed and shaped for removing pelts quickly, and in good condition; others for sticking and the many odd jobs —cutting bait and general work.

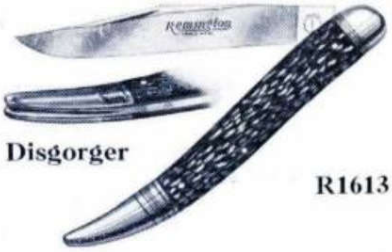
For over a century Remington has been developing scientific, thorough, and exact heat-treatments for steel, and Remington blades have keen-cutting, durable edges.

Some popular patterns are shown here, and there are other Remington styles in various combinations of blades and handles. One of them is sure to suit you. Send for a circular on Remington Hunter's and Trapper's Knives.

Remington Arms Company, Inc.

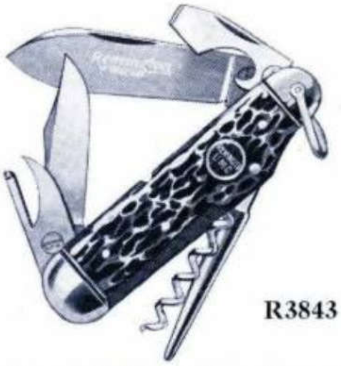
25 Broadway **Established 1816** **New York City**

Remington



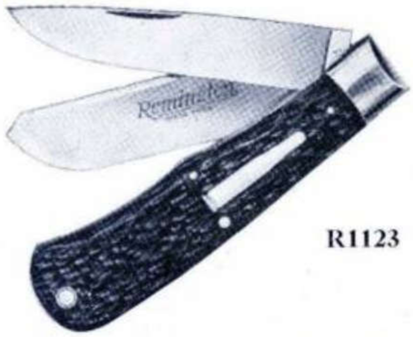
R1613

FISHERMAN'S knife, equipped with disgorger. Has a very slender, long, sharp blade—ideal for cutting bait, cleaning, scaling, etc. Brass linings. Nickel Silver bolsters. Length, open, $8\frac{7}{8}$″—closed, 5″.



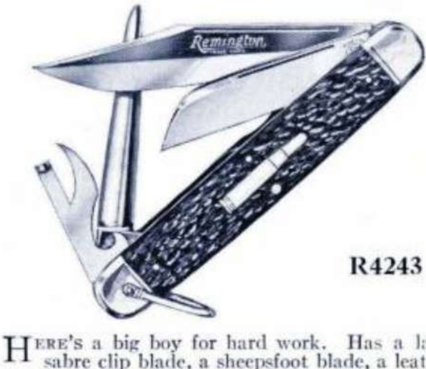
R3843

A FINE all-round knife. Has a large spear blade, a small clip blade, corkscrew, leather punch or reamer blade, can opener, and a combination screw-driver and bottle opener. Stag handle, brass linings; Nickel Silver shackle, bolsters, and shield. Length, open, 6″—closed, $3\frac{1}{2}$″.



R1123

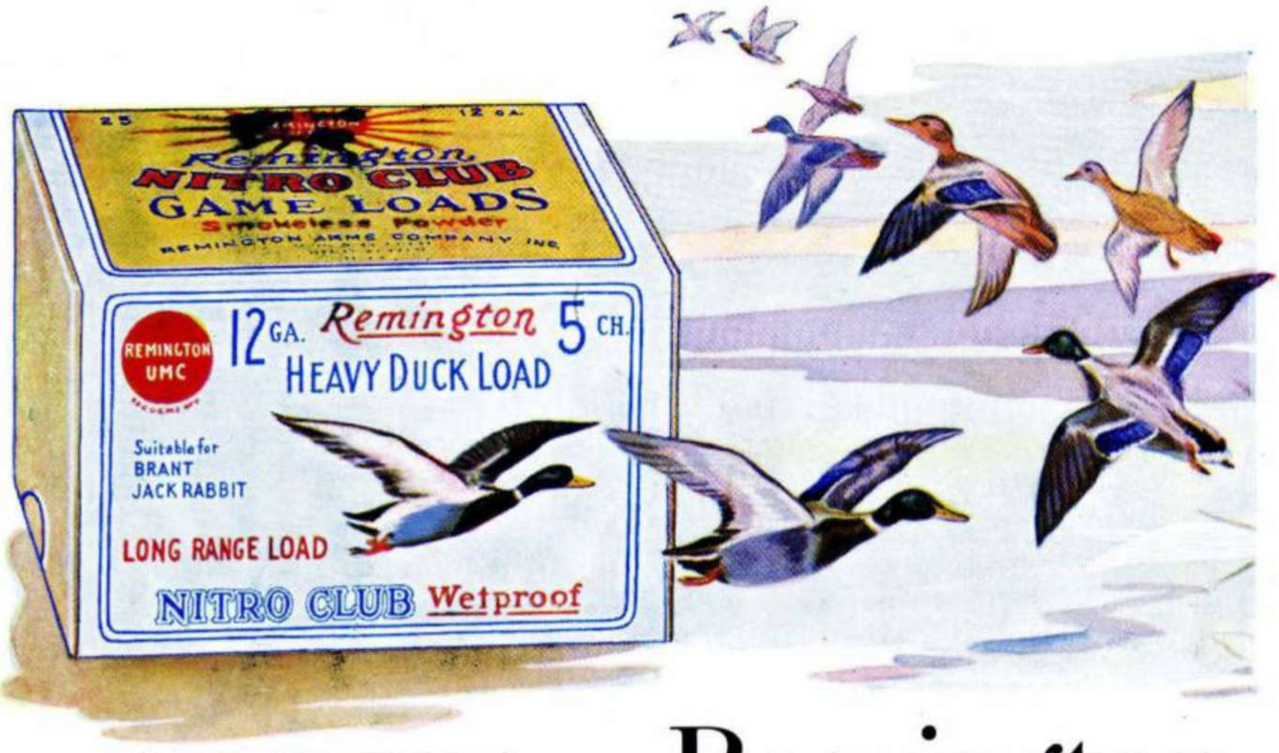
ONE of Remington's popular knives designed for Hunters and Trappers. Sticking and skinning blades. Brass linings. Nickel Silver bolster and shield. Hole in the end for thong or lanyard. Length, open, $8\frac{1}{8}$″—closed, $4\frac{1}{2}$″.



R4243

HERE'S a big boy for hard work. Has a large sabre clip blade, a sheepsfoot blade, a leather punch or reamer blade, and a combination can opener and bottle opener. Stag handle, brass linings; Nickel Silver shackle, bolsters, and shield. Length, open, $8\frac{5}{8}$″—closed, $4\frac{13}{16}$″.

Rifles Ammunition Shotguns Game Loads Cutlery Cash Registers


25
12 GA.
Remington
NITRO CLUB
GAME LOADS
Smokeless Powder
REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY INC.
REMINGTON UMC
12 GA. Remington 5 CH.
HEAVY DUCK LOAD
Suitable for
BRANT
JACK RABBIT
LONG RANGE LOAD
NITRO CLUB Wetproof

Remington Heavy Duck Load

12-gauge, the long-range load recommended for Duck, Brant, and Jack Rabbit. No. 4, 5 or 6 Chilled Shot.

16 and 20-gauge, the long-range load recommended for Duck, Pheasant, Rabbit, Partridge, Prairie Chicken and Grouse. No. 6, 7 or 7½ Chilled Shot. (2¾-inch shells)

Remington Game Loads

GET the thrill of the long clean kill with Remington Heavy Duck Loads; the maximum long-range loads that reach out and get the high-fliers.

All Remington Game Loads are scientifically loaded to uniform velocity, penetration, and pattern. They are made wet-proof—top wad, crimp, and body—by Remington's exclusive process. Among them there is the right load—the best load—for each kind of game. You will like the uniform shooting qualities of these shells.

Remington Duck Load

Recommended for Duck, Pheasant, Hawk, Crow, Rabbit, Partridge, Prairie Chicken and Grouse. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 5, 6 or 7½ Chilled Shot.

Remington Goose Load

The long-range load recommended for Goose, Fox, Turkey and Raccoon 12-gauge; No. 2 Chilled Shot.

Remington Grouse Load

Recommended for Grouse, Prairie Chicken, Pheasant, Partridge, Dove, Rabbit, Duck and Squirrel. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 7 Chilled Shot.

Remington Buck Shot Load

The long-range load recommended for Deer, Black Bear, and Wolf. 12-gauge; loaded with 12 pellets of No. 0 Eastern (No. 4 Western) Buck Shot.

Remington Trap Load

12-gauge only; regulation charge of 1¼ ounces of No. 7½ Chilled Shot. Even patterns and uniform shooting qualities that will help you to increase your average.

Remington

Rifles Ammunition Shotguns

Remington Hi-Speed Cartridges, the fastest long-range mushrooming cartridge made. Recommended for fast-moving game and open shooting.

Remington Express and Hi-Speed Rifle Cartridges

Average Ballistics—Popular Game Cartridges

Remington Regular, Express and Hi-Speed Cartridges; Soft Point, Express Mushroom and Metal Cased; Hi-Speed Mushroom and Metal Cased Bullets

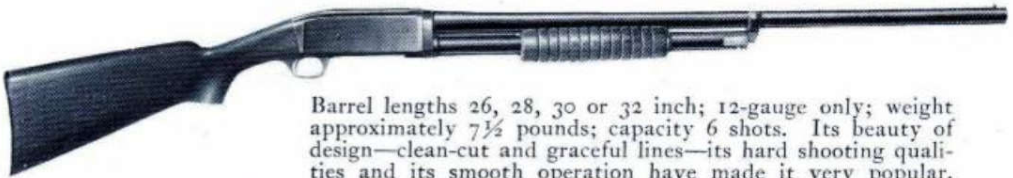
Remington Express Cartridges, more *speed* put to the heaviest mushrooming bullets. Especially recommended for moose, grizzly, and other large game.

Name of Cartridge		Weight of Bullet Grs.	Muzzle Velocity Foot Seconds	Muzzle Energy Foot Pounds	TRAJECTORY				Range for Accuracy in Yards	Penetration ⅞ In. Pine Bds.
					200 yds. Height at 100 yds. Inches	300 yds. Height at 150 yds. Inches	400 yds. Height at 200 yds. Inches	500 yds. Height at 250 yds. Inches		
.25/20	Win. Mar. & Rem. S. P.	86	1380	360	13.5	(100 Yd. Trajectory)			100–200	8
	Hi-Speed Mushroom	*60*	*2200*	*645*	*8.2*	*(Hgt. at 50 Yd. 1.3)*			*200–300*	*8*
	Hi-Speed Metal Cased	*60*	*2200*	*645*	*8.2*	*(Hgt. at 50 Yd. 1.3)*			*200–300*	*8*
.25	Remington S. P.	117	2130	1180	5.0	13.8	28.1	54.5	500–700	11
	Express Mushroom	117	2350	1435	4.0	10.5	21.0	39.0	500–700	12
	Hi-Speed Mushroom	*87*	*2700*	*1410*	*3.0*	*7.8*	*14.6*	*26.4*	*500–700*	*11*
.25/35	Win. & Sav. S. P.	117	2030	1070	6.0	15.8	33.4	66.4	500–700	11
	Express Mushroom	117	2350	1435	4.0	10.5	21.0	39.0	500–700	12
	Hi-Speed Mushroom	*87*	*2700*	*1410*	*3.0*	*7.8*	*14.6*	*26.4*	*500–700*	*11*
.30	Remington S. P.	170	2020	1540	5.7	15.2	31.6	57.2	500–700	11
	Express Mushroom	165	2250	1860	4.5	12.0	24.5	44.0	500–700	12
	Hi-Speed Mushroom	*110*	*2550*	*1590*	*3.4*	*8.8*	*17.3*	*31.4*	*500–700*	*14*
.30/30	Win. Mar. & Sav. S. P.	170	2020	1540	5.7	15.2	31.6	57.2	500–700	11
	Express Mushroom	165	2250	1860	4.5	12.0	24.5	44.0	500–700	12
	Hi-Speed Mushroom	*110*	*2550*	*1590*	*3.4*	*8.8*	*17.3*	*31.4*	*500–700*	*14*
	Hi-Speed Metal Cased	*110*	*2550*	*1590*	*3.4*	*8.8*	*17.3*	*31.4*	*500–700*	*14*
.30/40	Krag & Win. S. P.	220	2010	1970	5.4	13.6	28.1	50.0	800–1000	15
	Express Mushroom	220	2200	2370	4.5	11.0	22.0	38.5	800–1000	16
	Hi-Speed	*180*	*2500*	*2490*	*3.2*	*7.9*	*15.4*	*26.1*	*800–1000*	*16*
.30	Springfield 1906 S. P.	190	2200	2030	4.8	12.5	25.6	46.5	800–1000	14
	Express Mushroom	220	2450	2940	3.5	9.0	17.5	30.0	800–1000	20
	Express Metal Cased	220	2450	2940	3.5	9.0	17.5	30.0	800–1000	30
	Hi-Speed Bronze Ptd.	*150*	*3000*	*3045*	*2.3*	*5.7*	*11.1*	*19.2*	*800–1000*	*18*
	Hi-Speed Bronze Ptd.	*180*	*2700*	*2910*	*2.8*	*6.7*	*13.0*	*22.1*	*800–1000*	*19*
	Hi-Speed Mushroom	*110*	*3500*	*3000*	*1.8*	*4.5*	*8.9*	*15.8*	*700–800*	*11*
.32	Win. Mar. & Rem. S. P. (32/20)	100	1330	390	15.4	41.0			150–200	6
	Hi-Speed Mushroom	*80*	*2000*	*710*	*7.6*	*(100 Yd. at 50 Yd. 1.4)*			*200–300*	*9*
.32	Remington S. P.	170	2110	1680	5.3	14.8	31.4	59.2	500–700	12
	Express Mushroom	165	2300	1940	5.0	11.5	24.5	44.5	500–700	15
	Hi-Speed Mushroom	*110*	*2550*	*1590*	*3.4*	*8.8*	*18.0*	*32.6*	*500–700*	*14*
.32	Spl. (Win. & Mar.) S. P.	170	2110	1680	5.3	14.8	31.4	59.2	500–700	12
	Express Mushroom	165	2300	1940	5.0	11.5	24.5	44.5	500–700	15
	Hi-Speed Mushroom	*110*	*2550*	*1590*	*3.4*	*8.8*	*18.0*	*32.6*	*500–700*	*14*
.35	Remington S. P.	200	2020	1810	5.9	16.2	32.6	62.2	500–700	13
	Express Mushroom	200	2250	2250	4.0	10.5	21.0	37.0	500–800	16
	Hi-Speed Mushroom	*150*	*2350*	*1840*	*4.1*	*10.8*	*23.7*	*40.3*	*500–700*	*15*
.38	Win. Mar. & Rem. S. P. (38/40)	180	1330	700	15.5	38.4			150–200	10
	Hi-Speed Mushroom	*130*	*2000*	*1165*	*7.7*	*22.0*			*200–300*	*11*
.44	Win. Mar. & Rem. S. P. (44/40)	200	1300	750	16,0	42.4			150–200	10
	Hi-Speed Mushroom	*140*	*2000*	*1185*	*7.8*	*22.3*			*200–300*	*11*

Remington Arms Company, Inc.

25 Broadway Established 1816 **New York City**

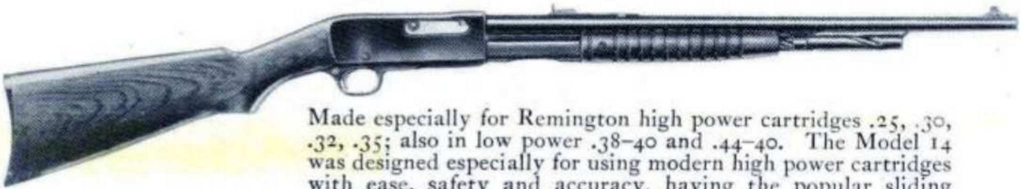
REMINGTON SHOTGUNS AND RIFLES



Remington Model 10 Repeating Shotgun

Solid Breech, Hammerless, Bottom Ejection, Take-down.

Barrel lengths 26, 28, 30 or 32 inch; 12-gauge only; weight approximately 7½ pounds; capacity 6 shots. Its beauty of design—clean-cut and graceful lines—its hard shooting qualities and its smooth operation have made it very popular. Receiver is one solid piece—no openings at top or sides—preventing dirt, snow, rain or other foreign substances entering mechanism, giving full protection to the shooter.



Remington Model 14 Repeating Rifle and Carbine

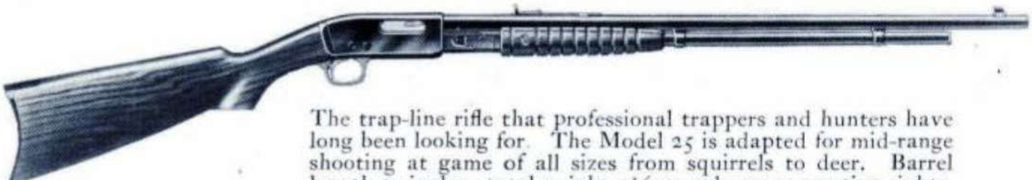
Solid Breech, Hammerless, Take-down.

Made especially for Remington high power cartridges .25, .30, .32, .35; also in low power .38–40 and .44–40. The Model 14 was designed especially for using modern high power cartridges with ease, safety and accuracy, having the popular sliding fore-end action so well known in repeating shotguns. Carbine length furnishes a suitable arm for saddle use. Barrel length 18 and 22 inches; weight 6, 6¾ and 7 pounds; sights—white metal bead front, adjustable open rear.

Remington Model 12 .22 Calibre Repeating Rifle

Solid Breech, Hammerless, Take-down.

For a light rifle that won't spoil the pelt—lightning-fast and powerful enough for small game—there is nothing like the Remington Model 12 Hammerless Repeater. Weighs only 4½ pounds. Has the speedy Remington pump action with a solid steel receiver, and closed breech. Made especially for standard .22 short, .22 long, .22 long-rifle and .22 Remington special cartridges. Barrel length 22 and 24 inches; weight 4½ to 5½ pounds; sights—white metal bead front, adjustable open rear.



Remington Model 25 Repeater

Solid Breech, Hammerless, Take-down, Eleven-shot.

The trap-line rifle that professional trappers and hunters have long been looking for. The Model 25 is adapted for mid-range shooting at game of all sizes from squirrels to deer. Barrel length 24 inches; total weight 5½ pounds; open sporting sights. Made especially for the very popular and effective .25-20 and .32-20 Smokeless, High Speed, and Black Powder Ammunition.

Remington Arms Company, Inc.

25 Broadway **Established 1816** **New York City**

Remington

Rifles Ammunition Shotguns Game Loads Cutlery Cash Registers

Printed in U. S. A.

a large tent in which lived a number of cannibal Indians who kept some very fierce wolf dogs; also, that across his path were hung a number of bones which, if touched, would make a great noise, and so inform the cannibals of their presence; also that it would be safer if they dug under the bones and so come out on the other side. But the roots were in communication with the bones and, if touched, would give warning also.

They started to dig, and had almost got across, when *Iashishish* accidentally struck his foot against a root. Immediately the bones began to rattle. This aroused the dogs, who barked their loudest. Out rushed the cannibals; but the only thing they saw was an ermine which kept poking its little head out of a hole in the ground. "Only a false alarm," said one of them. "The dogs are making all this fuss over an ermine who has been gnawing at the roots." So, calling off the dogs, they again entered their tent, and *Iashishish* passed the last snare in safety.

He could now see his mother's tent in the distance. She recognized him a long way off and called out, "Our son has come! Our son has come!" "Ha, ha!" laughed the old man, "it cannot be. It is a bear. Your son is drowned, as I have already told you." "Come out and see for yourself," called his wife. So the inmates all rushed out; and lo! there stood *Iashishish*, ragged and travel stained, but safe.

The father pretended to be glad that *Iashishish* got back, and called on the women to bring the best bear-skin robe for him to sit on and make ready food for a feast in his honour. But *Iashishish* tossed the robe aside and went and sat in his accustomed place; but, being hungry and thirsty, he partook of the food his mother placed before him.

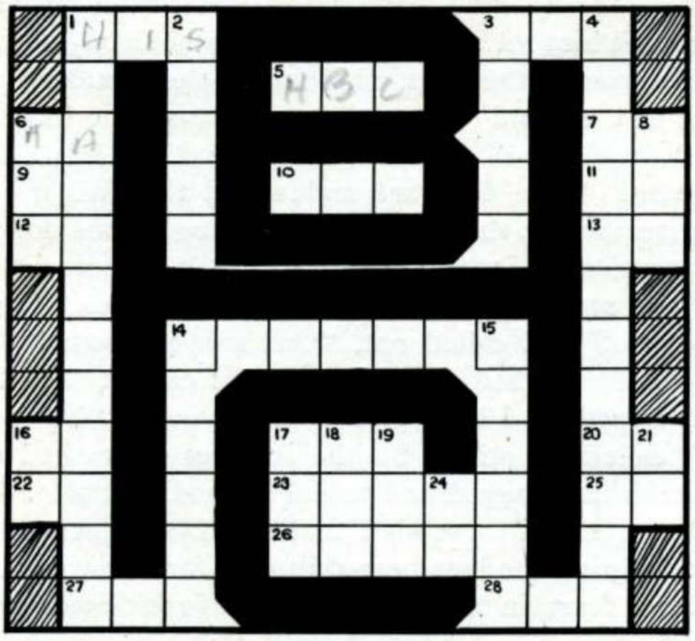
After eating, the drum was handed to him, and he began to sing a song of thanks to the *Great Spirit*. As he sang, the spirit of prophecy entered into him, and he sang, "*Yakwa, yakwa, miseway*—take care, take care, all of you! The water will boil, and the earth will burn; all evil spirits will be destroyed." Rising as if in a dream, he went out from the tent, followed by all the inmates. Taking an arrow he described a circle on the ground, and told his mother and those whom he loved to get inside. When his father and a number of his followers asked him where they should go, he said "Inside the bags where the bears' fat is kept." So, taking his bow, he shot an arrow into the water, which immediately began to boil. This soon killed all the fish. The other arrow he shot on the earth and it began to burn. As he had foretold, so it happened. As the flames swept on, those who remained within the charmed circle he had drawn escaped unscathed, but those within the skin bags suffered a lingering death.

The flames now passed away, and those within the circle began a new existence. They were all transformed into birds. The mother whom *Iashishish* loved took the form of a robin, and, as she flew upwards, a spark settled on her breast, the mark of which can be seen until this day. *Iashishish* was changed into a noble bird which lives in a region far away and seldom visits this earth.

Our Very Own Cross-word Puzzle

By T. F. REITH, Associate Editor, Winnipeg Retail

We do not offer any prizes for the solution of this cross-word puzzle, but we hope the solving of it will provide a little amusement. Let us know how you get on with it.



HORIZONTAL

1. Belonging to a male.
3. Title of courtesy (abbr.).
5. The world's oldest mercantile company (Init.).
6. Mother.
7. Likeness.
9. How Publicity is given (abbr.).
10. What the Gentlemen Adventurers came to Hudson Bay for.
11. A Southern state (abbr.).
12. Northern Queensland (abbr.).
13. The verb to be (third person singular).
14. An assemblage of persons.
16. There.
17. Female deer.
20. Term used to signify when goods or passengers are on ship or train. (abbr.)
22. The definite article; male of course (French).
23. What is done to the flag—and what often improves bobbed hair.
25. The commanding officer (abbr.).
26. What we are all engaged in.
27. A watering place.
28. A promontory (Arab).

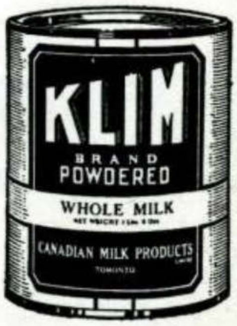
VERTICAL

1. The place of our chief officers.
2. Rigid-tense.
3. What we do when reading *The Beaver*.
4. What Hudson's Bay Company is noted for.
6. A province where the company operates (abbr.).
8. Another province where H.B.C. quality is well known.
14. Where "The Seal of Quality" is famous.
15. At a distance.
16. One of the Company's zones (abbr.).
17. Pennyweight (abbr.).
18. Used to propel a boat.
19. A girl's name.
21. Province where the Company operate stores (abbr.)
24. The editor (abbr.).

KLIM

POWDERED WHOLE MILK

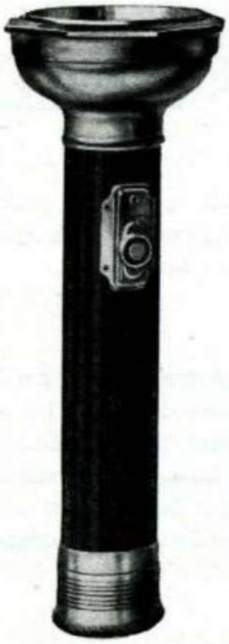
Has All the Original Rich Flavor



To return Klim Powdered Whole Milk to natural liquid milk, mix with water. You are simply replacing the water which was removed from the original milk by an exclusive process in Klim plants. Klim is not a substitute for milk—it is fresh cow's milk in the most convenient form for keeping the natural freshness and purity intact, until it is required for use.

CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

Safe Light for Dark Places



You can carry an Eveready Flashlight anywhere with perfect safety and always be sure of a dependable, brilliant light.

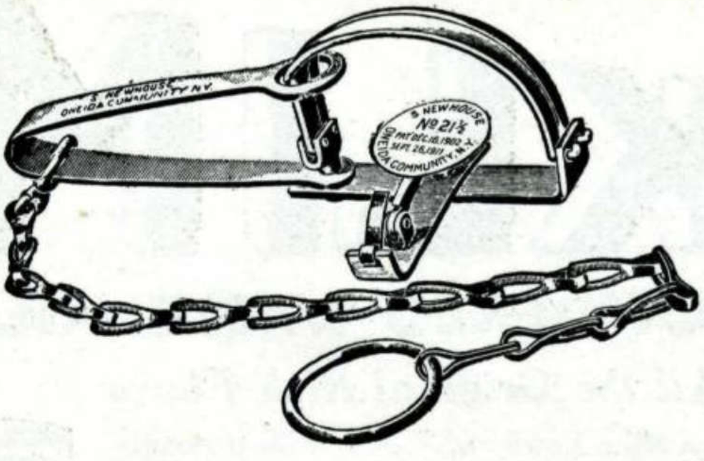
An Eveready flashes on and off with a push of your thumb on the switch. Strong and simple in construction, an Eveready will give years of service. Reload with fresh batteries as needed and you always have a light for the dark places indoors or outdoors that is not affected by rain or wind.

Eveready flashlights and batteries are sold in electric, hardware, drug, general stores and garages.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

There are twenty styles of Eveready Flashlights — one for every purpose and purse.

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer


S. NEWHOUSE ONEIDA COMMUNITY N.Y.
S. NEWHOUSE No 21½ PAT. DEC. 16, 1902 SEPT. 26, 1911 ONEIDA COMMUNITY N.Y.

THE NEWHOUSE

The favorite trap at all Hudson's Bay Posts for more than fifty years.

Made by

THE ANIMAL TRAP COMPANY
NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

FOR EVERY MILK NEED

St. Charles Milk A rich, creamy milk (unsweetened) known and liked all over Canada.

Eagle Brand A sweetened condensed milk, since 1857 the leading infant food. More babies have been raised on Eagle Brand than on all other infant foods combined.

Borden's
ST. CHARLES
EVAPORATED
EAGLE BRAND
Gail Borden

BORDEN'S

News from Stores, Posts and Branches

Associate Editors, Correspondents and Reporters—We publish quarterly, but with our increased space we require almost as many special articles as we did when we published monthly. Send them in. They will return to you 4000-fold.—Ed.

Vancouver

BANQUET AND ANNUAL MEETING OF EMPLOYEES ASSOCIATION

On January 8th, in the large dining-room of the Hudson's Bay Company, there were revelry and feasting when practically the entire force of the store sat down to the annual staff dinner. The dinner was also made the occasion of the annual meeting of the employees' association, of which 606 out of a staff comprising 750 are members.

The chair was occupied by Mr. H. T. Lockyer, general manager of the Company's stores in British Columbia and president of the employees' association.

Mr. Lockyer in his address congratulated the employees upon having come through the most strenuous year of their existence as an association.

The speaker had strong words of praise for the work of the welfare branch of the association and spoke highly of the social and sporting activities of the year.

In closing, Mr. Lockyer referred to the visit of Mr. Charles V. Sale, the deputy-governor of the Company, which had resulted in the recent decision to extend the Company's premises in Vancouver.

Among the officers of the association for the ensuing year who have been re-elected are: James Thomson, honorary-president; C. H. French, honorary vice-president; H. T. Lockyer, president; V. W. Adams, S. Southall, C. Skelly, vice-presidents, and F. A. Wilson, secretary-treasurer.

Upon a motion by Mr. Sharpe, it was unanimously decided to invite Sir Robert Kindersley, Governor of the Company, to act as patron of the association.

Mr. A. H. Doe, a visiting official of the Company from London, delivered greetings from the Governor and Committee. He said in part:

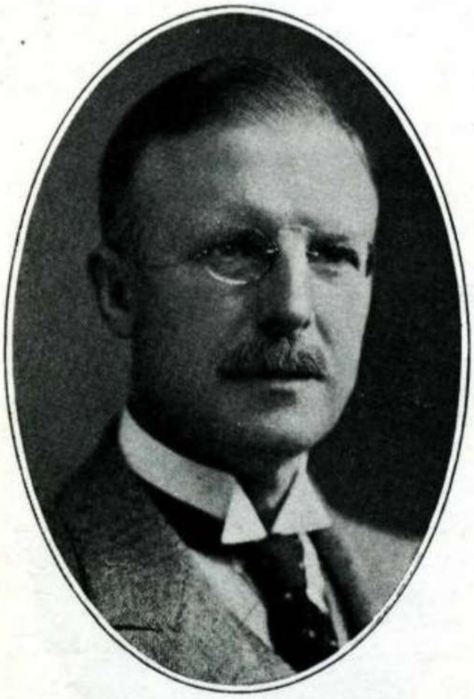
"I am very glad to be with you this evening, because it affords me an opportunity to identify myself in the work of your association as an official of the London office, and because I can convey to you personally the greetings of the Governor and Committee for the new year, and at the same time to express their appreciation of the further improvement that has been made during the past year in the business of the Vancouver store.

H. T. Lockyer

"It is indeed very gratifying to them to see the continued progress of this business, and I am able to assure you that they realize, as Mr. Lockyer would be the first to admit, that this is due mainly to the loyal co-operation of the staff, for which I have been requested to thank you.

"The Governor and Committee have themselves been giving very close consideration to the measures to be adopted to strengthen our present organization at each point and to build it up to meet the great obligations and requirements of the future.

"It has been felt by some that our Board in London being 6000 miles away can only take a detached interest in the staff in Canada, but I can assure you that they do take a very active interest, as those buyers who have visited London know.



A. H. Doe

"They are not only well posted as to conditions governing the operation of the business at each point, but they are familiar with the names and qualifications of many of the personnel and are generally desirous of information as to your welfare and progress.

"This interest is due to the fact that it is their desire to see promotions to the superior positions made from within the service, and they regard it in a sense as a reflection on ourselves in the method of training our young men and women if we can not in the majority of cases secure suitable people amongst the thousands employed in the Company's service.

"In view of the contemplated great extension of our store in Vancouver and the intended developments at other points, you must surely be impressed with the possibilities ahead for the promotion of those who possess the necessary qualifications.

"Service in the Company is a very different thing from service with an individual employer who personally conducts his business. In that case the employed invariably remains more or less in a subordinate position. In the Company's service our young people can aspire to the position of a principal and, as the Company has many other important branches, promotion can be achieved at a fairly early age, as it is the intention to transfer from one branch to another.

Both the deputy-governor, Mr. C. V. Sale, and Mr. F. H. Richmond, who have, as you know, inspected the stores, have been giving considerable thought to this matter, and I have been deputed to study it on the spot in conjunction with the zone general managers to lay down the lines upon which promotion shall be made and merit and ability recognized, a work which I may say will afford me the greatest pleasure, as I have always been greatly interested in the welfare and progress of employees, my position in my early days having been that of staff manager at Messrs. Harrods, London.

"These remarks are made to inspire and encourage every one of you to give the best that is in you in the interest of this great historic Company, which, without any doubt, is still one of the finest employers in this or any other country, and it should be to us, as it has been to so many before us, a proud privilege to serve her to the best of our ability.

"I thank you for the attention you have given my remarks, and now conclude them by wishing you all the very best for yourselves in this new year, which I hope will be a record one for the Vancouver store."

—

1925 WEDDING BELLS

Rose Bryant has decided that she prefers a "cottage for two" in the Sunny South, and is leaving the Company, after seven years of faithful service, to become the bride of H. M. Hassell, of San Francisco. Rose has been complimented by a number of showers, and the trousseau tea given in her honour at West Vancouver was "surprisingly successful"—not forgetting the rolling pin.

Hazel Turner, of the superintendent's office, is also a bride-to-be. This is another of the store's romances, where Dan Cupid fatally wounded T. Purdy, of the drug section. Our best wishes are heaped high for the happiest life possible for these young people.

—

Charles E. Aldrich has been engaged as buyer and manager of our millinery department. Mr. Aldrich has had extensive experience in many leading cities, and until his present appointment with us successfully operated the Aldrich Millinery on Granville street, Vancouver. In the interests of his new department, he will leave shortly for the larger eastern buying centres to make extensive spring purchases for the Company.

Miss Andrew, buyer for our women's ready-to-wear section, has left Montreal for New York, where she will complete her spring purchases for her department before returning to Vancouver.

Mr. Crump, buyer of hardware and toys, has left for Europe on an extensive purchasing tour.

After a rather severe illness, Mr. McLaughlin, our dress goods buyer, has returned to the store.

W. W. Fraser, buying superintendent of the china departments of the Company's stores, has left on an extended buying trip to Europe. Before sailing, he will visit such important centres as Winnipeg, Toronto and New York; thence to the famous European potteries, where he will make extensive purchases of china and glassware for the Company's branches.

Congratulations are the order of the day for Mr. Roberts, of the mail order—he is the proud father of a baby boy. Mother and son both doing well.

Miss Jennings (late of England) has been engaged as Mr. Wood's assistant in the general office. Welcome to our city and our staff.

Miss Moffat is the latest addition to the staple department. Best wishes, Miss Moffat.

We regret to report the illness of Mrs. Jolliffe, and hope that she will have a speedy recovery.

Miss Ethel Fraser has been transferred to the audit office.

Miss Newton has been transferred from the hardware section to the general office.

An interesting presentation was recently made to one of the members of Miss Currie's staff, when Mrs. Wood (who has been with the Company for the past several years) was made the recipient of a handsome piece of cut glass by her fellow-workers upon her retirement from the Company's service.

We all welcome Miss Peggy Aldrich to our millinery section.

We all wish to extend our deepest sympathy to W. H. Sharpe and family upon the death of his wife.

—

SPORTS

Football—The second half of the Wednesday league schedule is now well under way, and the Hudson's Bay team is making a good showing. "Jimmy" should make quite a difference to the strength of the team if he's up to his old form.

Basket Ball—Our basket-ball team took Spencers into camp the other evening to the tune of 11 to 2. This is the first game of a series. There is some very promising material in our hands and with practice we can develop a good team. The girls are going to play the Spencer's squad, and we are sure that they will repeat the good work which the boys put over.

Swimming—Canadian Memorial swimming tank has its quota of enthusiasts every Monday evening. It is well patronized. It is unfortunate that we have not more time allotted to us in the gymnasium, for we certainly could use it to advantage.

Cricket—On February 10th a meeting of the store cricketers is to be held. Last year we had a very successful season, finishing third in the Wednesday league. This year we hope we are going to head the list.

Victoria

STORE STAFF GUESTS OF THE COMPANY

Upwards of three hundred members of the staff sat down to a banquet as guests of the Company on Tuesday evening, January 6th, and after a jolly function the guests reassembled at the Alexandra ballroom, where dancing was continued until the early hours of the morning.

Messrs. A. H. Doe, H. T. Lockyer and A. J. Watson all spoke encouragingly of the progress made during the past twelve months and predicted an awakening era of prosperity amongst the Company's eleven stores and in the Dominion at large.

Honour guests at the head table were many who pioneered in the service of the Company. These included Messrs. Finch, Page, Walter Fowles, A. Nicolson, M. Robson and Frank Leggo.

Mr. A. H. Doe, representing the governor and board of directors in London, brought a message of thanks to the staff for their past services and wished them every success in the days to come.

Mr. H. T. Lockyer, as general manager of the British Columbia stores, was warmly received by the gathering. In a brief and informal manner, he told something of the growth of Hudson's Bay business in the Canadian west from the days of the Klondike gold rush. Mr. Lockyer spoke encouragingly of the future and of the opportunity for advancement in the service.

Mr. A. J. Watson, manager of the Victoria store, on rising to speak, was greeted with ringing cheers and the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." He thanked all for their loyal support in the past year and predicted a record year in 1925. Mr. Watson stressed the value of co-operation, loyalty and willing service and pleaded for ambition and aggressiveness on the part of all. As in a watch, no single unit of the organization was unimportant. All had a part, and each part was vital to the smooth working and efficient operation of the whole.

During the evening Mr. and Mrs. Harold Groves, Mrs. A. Dowell and Mr. A. E. Haines contributed to an excellent musical programme.

ANNUAL MEETING OF EMPLOYEES' ASSOCIATION

The banquet tendered by the Company to the staff was made the opportunity for holding the annual meeting of the employees' association, at which reports on the last year's activities were submitted and officers for the ensuing year elected.

Special reference was made to the relinquishing of Craigflower Farm as club headquarters and the very handsome donation by the Company of $1000 towards the funds of the association.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Honorary president, H. T. Lockyer; president, A. J. Watson; vice-presidents, J. S. Horne and A. R. Minnis; secretary, T. Wilkinson; treasurer, W. V. Merryweather. Executive committee: J. Cassidy, C. Nicholls, R. Dunn, R. Eaton, W. Stark, P. Shrimpton, Misses Butler, Bowden, Hunter, Keil, Kempton and Turner.

Efforts will be made to have the deputy-governor, Mr. Charles V. Sale, as patron of the association.

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SOCIAL COMMITTEE

The members of the social committee deserve the highest praise for the manner in which they have conducted the season's social activities.

From every standpoint the series of monthly dances held in the Alexandra ballroom has been an unqualified success. The series concluded with a delightful gathering on Tuesday evening, February 3rd.

The New Year's Eve dance, in which over five hundred members and friends participated, was perhaps one of the most enjoyable gatherings ever held under the auspices of the employees' association.

An energetic decoration committee had transformed the ballroom into a most entrancing and colourful setting, the Company's flags and colours forming an important part of the decorative scheme.

A feature of the evening was the passing away of Old Father Time, impersonated by J. Grant, who, after tolling a bell twelve times, fell to the floor and promptly expired, as was fitting and proper. He was then carried out by a body of men representing the new year. Serpentine and balloon dances preceded the twelve o'clock ceremony, while comedy stunts helped to make the evening a success.

The dining-room, where a splendid supper was served, also bore evidences of the artistic ability of the decorating committee.

CONCERT TO THE AGED

An entertainment that was greatly enjoyed by the inmates of the Aged Women's Home was given there on Friday evening, December 19th, by a number of young people of the staff of the Victoria store. A goodly number of the aged ladies, some in wheel chairs, were able to be in the audience.

An enjoyable programme was rendered by the following: Misses E. Carter, G. Carter, Jolly, Turner, Redman, McWha, C. Poore, Hudson, May; Messrs. Redman and Denis. Community singing was heartily joined in by the aged ladies.

Mrs. Redman presided. Delicious refreshments were served.

FOOTBALL

Judging by the splendid form shown in the last few matches previous to going to press, our store football team should finish up the season in a far from unsatisfactory position in the Wednesday league.

Some of the recent games resulted as follows:

Hudson's Bay 2, Tillicums 0
Hudson's Bay 1, Teamsters 6
Hudson's Bay 3, Garrison 0
Hudson's Bay 3, Garrison 2
Hudson's Bay 1, Tillicums 1

Come out on Wednesday afternoons and boost for our boys. The games are always worth watching.

BASKET BALL

If you want to spend a really enjoyable evening, pay a visit to the Willows some time when our men's basket-ball team is in action. The standard of play is excellent and close and exciting basket ball is the rule.

That there's lots of action may be judged by the high scoring recorded in some of the recent games, as follows:

Hudson's Bay 19, Rockland Academy 4
Hudson's Bay 14, Spencers 8
Hudson's Bay 13, Y.M.C.A. 16
Hudson's Bay 14, 11th Machine Gunners 9
Hudson's Bay 15, Gorge 8
Hudson's Bay 11, Spencers 17
Hudson's Bay 22, Rockland Academy 21

A most enjoyable trip was made to Sooke on the evening of January 31st, when a large number of the staff accompanied the team. After a hard-fought game, our boys lost to the Sooke team by 22 to 18.

Heartiest congratulations to the ladies' basket-ball team upon winning their first match the other evening, 8 to 7, against the laundry workers. Good stuff, girls! Go to it, and win some more.

Kamloops

A very enjoyable evening was spent by all the staff and their friends on the 7th of January, when a supper and dance was held in the I.O.O.F. hall. Cards were indulged in until about ten o'clock, followed by a turkey supper, after which dancing continued until one o'clock. Mr. Taylor gave a short address, which was very favourably received. All declared, when the gathering broke up, that it had indeed been a most enjoyable evening.

Cross word puzzles are all the rage now, our specialist being Jean Dougans. Just ask Jean!

H. G. Penny spent a few days at this branch inspecting the stocktaking.

The store received a brief visit from G. D. Lockyer, of Vancouver, at the end of last month.

M. E. Barr, our milliner, is pleased to be back again in her old department on Second avenue, and her spring opening is being looked forward to by our patrons.

We were pleased recently to welcome Messrs. Dale, Florence and Wilson.

We had on display in our windows recently three beautiful tiger skins which were shot by one of our citizens at Amrahbad on the edge of the Deccan Plain, Southern India; imported December, 1924.

Vernon

(*The Paradise of Canada*)

WHERE TO SPEND YOUR SUMMER VACATION

Why not come to Vernon?—the hub of the famous Okanagan Valley; the centre of the apple-growing industry, where the finest, rosiest and sweetest apples in the world grow; beautiful surroundings, fine roads, plenty of interesting places to visit, such as Woods Lake, Oyama, Trinity Valley, Shuswap Falls, Harris Plateau, up in the great white mountains where the manager of our store and the editor of *The Beaver* were lost some years ago in a snowstorm with nothing but a toothpick and a five-cent bar of chocolate. Then there are the great plains of Lumby, surrounded by majestic mountains and gorgeous valleys, rippling streams abounding in mountain trout. The famous Coldstream ranch and district is well worth seeing. We have two beautiful lakes close to town: Kalamalka Lake, two and a half miles from Vernon, known as "The Lake of Colours," and renowned for its bathing beaches, club house, park, *et cetera*, boating and fishing; Okanagan Lake, four miles from Vernon, extending from Okanagan Landing for eighty miles to Penticton, daily service by C.P.R. boats, good hotel accommodation, summer cottages, swimming, boating and fishing and, if you come during the shooting season, lots of birds and game. If you don't believe us, ask the editor of *The Beaver*—he knows and has longings in his heart for the old haunts—everyone has who has ever lived here.

So come one and all to this great and glorious valley, which has a wonderful future and girls as lovely, sweet and rosy-cheeked as its apples. You will return to your homes with renewed life and health after enjoying a real holiday which will always bring back to you happy memories of the Okanagan.—*H. Pout.*

—

Not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has so much snow fallen in any winter. There has been a total snowfall on the level of eighty-one inches, and in the mountains ten feet. While the severe weather has seriously hampered business, we are not grumbling, as the snow means lots of moisture for our famous O.K. apples.

Spring is at hand. It must be so, as we have noticed two very pronounced signs recently. The poet says, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." But what about the young ladies who have recently been seen investing their money in little things for the home? Surely—surely, a sign of spring! Then the auto enthusiasts on our staff evidently have spring feelings, as one hears mysterious references of differentials, clutch, intermediate and low, price of gas, tires, licenses, *et cetera*. There will be quite an imposing display when they all parade along Barnard avenue—like the back of a Greek restaurant before the empty cans have been cleared away.

Recent visitors to our store were Mr. W. Florence, from Victoria store, and Messrs. Dale and Wilson, from Vancouver, for the inspection of stock. Mr. Elcock, from Vancouver store, also was on hand assisting in checking up at inventory time. It is always a pleasure for us to welcome visitors from the Company's stores.

Miss L. Livingstone, buyer of the ready-to-wear and millinery departments, left Tuesday, February 10th, for the eastern markets to make her purchases for spring. Our lady patrons are eagerly looking forward to having a peep at the pretty garments and lovely hats which will arrive shortly.

Mr. Topham, formerly of the shoe department at Vancouver store, is a newcomer to Vernon and now in charge of our footwear department. He has settled down as one of the family. We wish him every success, and trust he will be with us for many years.

❦

Bite off more than you can chew;
Then chew it.
Plan for more than you can do;
Then do it.
Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat, and there you are!

Nelson

The H.B.C. musical and dramatic talent was brought forth in great style the latter part of January. The Nelson Operatic Society produced a Gilbert & Sullivan's comic opera, "Iolanthe," and Mollie Irving, of the office staff, was cast in the title roll. Miss Irving was a great success and sang and acted in a professional manner for three nights and one matinee. So great was the approval that the performance was given also in Trail. M. Callaghan, in charge of the ladies' ready-to-wear department, lent great aid in the fairy chorus, and T. E. Maddock assisted in the business arrangements. The success of the opera was a good advertisement for the Hudson's Bay Company in Nelson.

W. Simpson, of the boot and shoe department, has been away on sick leave. We hope to have him back very shortly.

The store has received a pleasant surprise visit from two of the old staff who left to change their names—Mrs. J. Morrison, better known to many as Bella Lamont, has returned to Nelson to visit with her mother. Mrs. W. S. Crowther (Veronica Philbert), who since her marriage has been living in Calgary, has returned to live in Nelson, as her husband has been transferred here by the C.P.R. Since returning, Mrs. Crowther has presented her husband with a fine little daughter.

Olive Lepper, who has been on the staff as relief several times during the past few years, was married at Christmas to Mr. Collidge, of Trail. After a honeymoon spent in Washington, U.S.A., they have returned to Trail, where they will make their home.

E. Hill, who has been in charge of the dry goods and house furnishing departments of this store for five or six years, has been transferred to the Vancouver store, where he will be assistant manager of the silks, and wool and cotton dress goods departments.

❦

"When you fight with your conscience and get licked, you win."

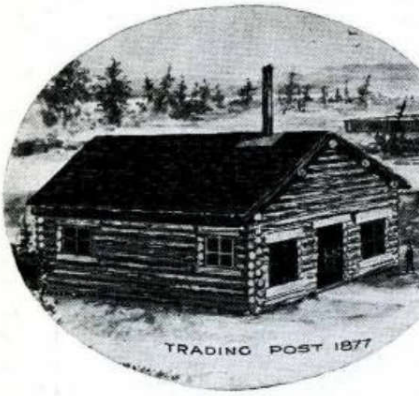
Our Contributors

NO. 4—H. M. S. COTTER

Henry Martin Stuart Cotter is post manager at Cumberland House and possesses the Company's gold medal and one bar, having been thirty-six years in the service. He is a faithful and interesting contributor to our magazine with a decided touch of humour in most of his writings. Here are his contributions to *The Beaver*, which reminds us that it is time we had another article from him:

Record Trips by Husky Dogs.
Some Famous H.B. Captains and Ships.
History Notes.
Andres Polar Balloon.
The Founder of Haileybury, Ontario.
The Birch-Bark Canoe.
Field Notes.
The Trend of the Times.
Description of Cumberland House Post.
Notes from Cumberland House Post.
Mystery of the Hansom Cab.
Pemmican a la Mode.
Sporty Fox Hunting.

Calgary



TRADING POST 1877

PRESENT STORE ERECTED 1913

CALGARY'S JUBILEE

This year is Calgary's fiftieth anniversary, and plans are being made for a real celebration. Combined with the annual exhibition and stampede will be this jubilee featuring the old-timers, R.N.W.M.P., H.B.C. traders, and other characteristics connected with the life and growth of Calgary since 1875. Plans are under way now to have as many as possible of the old-time residents of Calgary present. Their expenses will be paid to and from Calgary. The site of old Fort Calgary will be an attractive spot during the festivities. The accompanying cut of the H.B.C. trading post at Fort Calgary in 1877 was taken from an old picture belonging to one of Calgary's old-timers.

—

Calgary is noted for its mild winters with the famous chinook winds, but the past winter has been more of the Winnipeg variety. However, signs of an early spring are here. Several wild ducks were seen a few days ago, and Jimmy Borthwick is busy polishing his golf clubs and repainting all the balls he found last year.

Calgary witnessed a unique event when the famous New Zealand All Blacks rugby team was entertained during their stopover on February 6th. The real "wild-and-woolly-west" atmosphere prevailed at the big ball given in the Palliser hotel that evening, and one could see "fifty-seven varieties" of cowboy and Indian attire. The real Sarcees were there with their tepee pitched in the rotunda, and they wore the full regalia of war paint and feathers for the occasion. Exhibitions of fancy roping in the ballroom, an Indian pow-pow by the Sarcees, and the All Blacks' famous war cries were the outstanding events of the evening. Even the hockey fans and cowboys had to admit the All Blacks had real pep when it came to yelling.

Even 45 degrees below zero doesn't scare Cupid out of Calgary. We announce the marriage of Mae Burlison (audit office) to T. Bate. A shower was held in honour of the bride at the home of Mrs. Brookall. Many pretty and useful gifts were received.

Miss Patton is with us again, after being laid up with a broken wrist. The accident happened while skating one evening several weeks ago. Notwithstanding the *lame wing*, Miss Patton still has a real punch.

Changes in the service staff have added Messrs. McCabe and Hicks as floor managers. Mr. McCabe has recently come to Canada from the old country. Mr. Hicks came here from Ramsay's Limited, Edmonton.

F. M. Johnston, our manager, is receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a son and heir at his home Friday, January 30th. Both mother and baby are reported "doing fine."

We are glad to report that Mrs. Fred Garnett, wife of our shipping department superintendent, has recovered from a serious illness.

Another member of the staff is nursing a *lame wing*. Charlie Sherman's car would not start one morning and, getting a bit mad, Charlie twisted her tail. The handle flew back and landed Charlie in hospital with a smashed arm. We are glad to see he is around again as large as life.

SPORT

The best golf of the season was played in the store this winter. We heard of it in this manner: "Say, I remember in one game when approaching to the sixth green, etc., etc."

The Hudson's Bay curlers did not get going this year. Perhaps hockey excitement is too strong for these *canny curlers*. We have our stars nevertheless: Pat Spaulding and Hutch Hutchison still throw some nasty curves, and Fred Tarrant brought his rink into the jewellery in the Calgary bonspiel. "Hoot mon! we'll soon be diggin' the turf wi' oor mashies!"

We have some real wild hockey fans among us this year. Someone saw S. R. Edgar and Jimmie Borthwick arguing over a five-cent piece the other morning. It appears that Jimmie made the wager that Calgary would double the score on Victoria. The score was 1-0, hence the argument. Mr. Curll, the advertising manager, an authority on hockey scores, gave his decision. The result is not yet known.

The bowling enthusiasts are going strong this season, and it looks as if we will be in the play-off in the wholesale league. The last games were played against Westinghouse Electric, in which H.B.C. won three straight. Russ Gibson was shooting a great game, rolling up the high score for the evening—234. Scores as follows:

Thain	216	191	189	596
Hammond	157	119	173	449
Vair	166	166	107	439
Gibson	152	184	234	570
Black	202	176	203	581
				2635

Total scored by Westinghouse, 2124.

Edmonton

STORE HAPPENINGS

Genevieve Fader is once again to be seen in her accustomed place. We are glad to see her looking so well.

Miss McDonald, departmental manager of the millinery section, and Mr. Graham, of the ladies' ready-to-wear section, are both visiting the eastern markets buying for their respective departments.

Ethel Soley, of the elevator staff, we are glad to say, is progressing nicely after her illness, and will soon be around again.

Our sympathy is extended to Mr. Wallace, our accountant, whose wife has been seriously ill for the past ten weeks. Latest reports state that Mrs. Wallace is much better.

Milly Reid, a member of the office staff for the past six years, has left us to take up another position in the city.

Mr. Quinlan, recently of London, England, is now captured and caged on the sixth floor, where he is holding the position of assistant cashier. We are glad to welcome him to our staff.

WE WONDER

—Why Walter Stevens likes to live on the soused side (south side), in preference to the north with its life and activity.

—When "Fairy" of the transfer desk will sprout wings.

—Why our bobbed hair brigade has suddenly discarded the style to the ash can and is frantically trying to grow hair again. The associate editor says he is in the know, having heard the news very confidentially from a flapper.

—Why a few of the die-hards persist in imitating cows chewing gum—beg pardon! we mean the cud.

Some of the members of the staff are getting pop-eyed trying to solve crossword puzzles, others have become afflicted with that new disease known to the medical profession as radioitis. Bert Crocket and Clem Digney both have it bad and fears are entertained for their recovery.

THE BAY'S BEVY OF BATHING BEAUTIES

Of all the pastimes of winter to become keenly interested in, we should think swimming would be the last. Ugh! it gives one the shivers to think of it.

But the Bay Bathing Beauties seem to be immune from cold, even though the thermometer has been hovering around the 20-below-zero mark. It's true the swimming pool is located in a modern building and the water may be slightly tepid, but still we maintain that swimming would be the last sport to think of during these sub-arctic days. But the thoughts, whims and fancies of the modern flapper are unaccountable anyway. However, be that as it may, the girls are having a whale of a time.

—

The housemaid had left to get married, and on the eve of the wedding she called on her old mistress (she had been with her nine years) and asked her to take charge of her savings.

"But won't you want to spend some of it on your honeymoon, Lucy?" asked the lady.

"Well, ma'am," was the reply, "I don't like to trust myself to a strange gentleman with all that money about me!"

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Yorkton

J. N. Anderson, accountant for the past two years, has severed his connection with the store to take up the position as warehouse manager for the liquor commission at Regina.

M. MacDonald comes to us from Winnipeg to take the position as accountant. We wish him every success.

The sympathies of the staff are extended to both I. W. Zimmer and C. E. Webb in their sad bereavements, Miss Zimmer having sustained the loss of her father and Mr. Webb the loss of his mother.

◆

We could clean up everything we were supposed to do today by working extra hard tomorrow if we did not have so many things left undone from yesterday.

Lethbridge

Recently we had grave doubts as to the sanity of two members of our staff, but fortunately our fears have now been allayed. The requisition for two padded cells has been cancelled and the buying office notified. The first case consisted of Mr. Upton's writing for "Unpolished Rice," and what deepened our suspicions of his sanity was the fact that he insisted that the letter was quite in order. Eventually, we discovered that such an article did exist, and that, therefore, there must be a great future for any bright youth who can qualify as a rice-polisher. We are now seriously considering the opening of a correspondence course in rice-polishing and issuing various pamphlets fully descriptive of the necessary training and advising which brands of polishes and brushes should be used. The other case developed when W. C. Thomson, our radio expert, informed us that last night he heard this morning's concert. Eventually it transpired that what he meant was that he had heard at night here a concert which was held in England in the early morning. Such an event, however, opens up vast possibilities. If a man can only get far enough west, he will be able to listen in to the broadcasting of his own wedding and be warned in time. (Sighs from the married men.)

The only people who do not seem to have been stricken by the popular crossword puzzle malady are the grocery department staff. They inform us that they have never heard a cross word and don't know what it means.

The grocery department is always up-to-date, as is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Upton has been inventing new classifications of his stock. We give below a few of his bright ideas:

Cereals—Oyster shell, bird seed, salt, onions and nuts.

Piece Goods—Macoroni and the pork in pork and beans.

Wash Goods—Soups, vinegar and soap.

Trimmings—Asparagus, parsley and grape fruit.

Veilings—Bacon, ham and cheese.

Ready-to-wear—Cooked meats, sardines, corned beef and butter.

Toys—Peas, beans, olives, the slicing machine and the cash carriers.

Infants' Wear—Jams, jellies and candies.

Note—Care should be taken to put the correct season symbol against the eggs.

—

The radio department is now a howling success. Our only complaint is that the number of records is so limited. The four selections which are most frequently rendered are: (1) The canary accompaniment to Grieg's "Morning," (2) "A Whippet Race," (3) "Daniel in the Lions' Den," (4) "Feeding Time at the Zoo." The latter two are rendered with heart-rending accuracy. Incidentally the radio department has started a new excuse. Whenever anything goes wrong with anything anywhere the reason for the trouble is invariably "static."

—

LAST NIGHT WE DREAMED THAT

—Mr. Upton was bestowing credit notes with a sweet smile, a gracious bow and a request to "come again."

—Mr. Nichols had suddenly become thinner.

—Everything in the office had balanced at sight.

—L. Leigh had committed matrimony.

—Miss Shearer and Miss Thomas were talking English.

—Mr. Scott had stopped sneezing.

—The writer of these notes had been sued for libel.

—

Since the advance in the city gas rates, Mr. Upton purchased a pair of goat-skin chapps for pyjamas.

Mr. Cape says if you can sell U.S.A. manufactured goods to a U.S.A. citizen to be taken back to the U.S.A. you are a good salesman. He's tried it.

We welcome Miss Swalm to the ready-to-wear department and Miss Hallworth to the office.

Miss Gibson's removal to Henderson Park has been such a noticeable success that the removal of the entire dry goods department to the same locality is being contemplated. If the idea is adopted some of them will see for the first time the much advertised meeting between Earl E. Bird and W. Orm.

—

WE WONDER IF

—Donald uses cushions when he skates.

—Mrs. Rogers' tongue ever gets tired.

—Miss G. Thomas ever hopes to get thin.

—Miss Swalm would like to give *The Beaver* some of the stories she tells.

—Miss Jones says its America *versus* Yorkshire.

—

The spirit of winter sport has been very much in evidence throughout the store this season, especially in hockey, and some good games have been played on the pitch out at the lake. The crowning game was on the day when the shipping department challenged all and sundry, the goal tender having received a new rig out; but even that could not stem the volley of shots, and the store professionals had to acknowledge a defeat of 4 to 2. Mr. Cape occupied stellar position that day.

Who says crack-the-whip, and who knows about the after-effects?

A skating party was held at the association club-house on January 28th, 1925. Some of the boys were rather surprised when they saw some of the ladies appear in their riding breeches. They really thought it was a hunting party and were looking for the hounds. (Hot dog!)

The *Canadian Grocer* of February 6th, under the head "Ideas That Have Proved Profitable to Other Grocers," reproduced our advertisement, which appeared recently in the Lethbridge *Herald*, as an example of a good 50-cent day grocery advertisement.

◆

"How did you screw up your courage to propose to the rich Mrs. MacTavish, Sandy?"

"Losh, mon, 'twas just awfu'! I'd sworn I'd do it come Monday night, so I took her for a bit ride in a taxicab, and wi' one eye on the wee meter tickin' awa', I had her won at the end o' saxty cents."

Saskatoon

The sales of Seal of Quality flour have been greatly enhanced by the baking contest. There were more than three hundred entries, all of which spoke eloquently of the quality of the Seal of Quality flour. The judges found it difficult to select prize winners. This event is held yearly, and this year we sold over seven tons of flour.

Arrangements are being quickly completed for having the wholesale department transferred to the retail. It will be located in the basement; to which an entrance has been arranged on the Second avenue side.

W. H. Cooke, general manager of the Manitoba and Saskatchewan stores, accompanied by A. Chester, paid a brief visit to the Saskatoon store recently.

F. Sutherland, manager of the dry goods department, and N. Falconer, manager of the men's wear department, have returned from their visit to the Alberta and British Columbia stores.

Mrs. Sperry, of Winnipeg, visited Saskatoon previous to her buying trip to the eastern markets.

Miss V. Conley, manageress of the ladies' ready-to-wear department, has just returned from the eastern markets very enthusiastic about the new spring styles.

Miss C. Madill is expected to return shortly from a buying trip to the east.

We congratulate C. J. Atkinson, manager of the glove, hosiery and smallwear departments, upon his transfer to Winnipeg. In appreciation of his services, the staff presented Mr. Atkinson with suitable gifts. We will be glad to see his smiling countenance in Saskatoon sometimes.

Miss W. Horrocks is now in charge of the gloves, hosiery and smallwear department. Having been Mr. Atkinson's energetic assistant expressly qualifies her for success.

The sympathy of the staff is extended to M. Buffey, in the serious illness of her father.

Winnipeg

Retail

STORE EXTENSIONS

Remarkable changes for the better are taking place around the store and those who have not visited us of late invariably are surprised and delighted.

Latest changes involve the extending of the north section of the main floor right back to Fort street, which necessitates closing the old archway. The top floor is also undergoing a similar extension and will eventually house the furniture department. New merchandise offices have been constructed on the third floor, the advertising and mail orders being transferred to the space formerly occupied by the merchandise department.

Much space has been put to good use in the old candy factory as stock rooms and work rooms for the various departments.

It is gratifying to know that increased business has followed the increased selling space—in fact, the extensions find a hard time keeping pace with the store's demands.

—

WHERE IS MY WAND'RING DEPARTMENT TODAY

Nailing here and sawing there,
Plastering, painting everywhere;
Doors torn off, floors laid bare,
Walls torn down with rip and tear.

Brand new stock rooms, cemented floor,
New departments—changes galore.
Wondering glances, quizzical looks;
Even new numbers on our books.
Seeing those things and many more,
The ancients ask, "Where's the old store?"
—*The Spring Poet.*

—

BUYERS ACTIVE

These are days of activity for the store's buyers and department managers.

Miss O'Grady, after a trip to the coast, is now away to Europe to purchase hosiery, gloves and undergarments.

Mrs. Sperry spent almost the entire month of February on a successful buying trip to eastern Canada and to cities south of the line.

Miss Rogers, our modiste, is visiting New York and the east to study the newest styles, Miss Kitching having just returned from a similar mission.

A. T. G. Farquhar paid a flying visit to Vancouver to see his mother, and since then has spent a week or two in Toronto, Montreal and eastern points in the interests of the silk shop. He will soon be off to Europe on his annual trip.

Mr. Buchan, hardware; Mr. White, china; Mr. Whalley, grocery; Mr. Dunbar, boots and shoes; Mr. Leckie, wallpapers; at the time of writing are all on eastern trips.

—

Several of our old friends, whose faces have been familiar here for some years, are missing from the old store.

F. Smith, buyer for the china department for nearly fourteen years, has returned to the Old Land and expects to make her home near Cardiff, Wales. She ably filled the office of treasurer of the welfare association for seven and a half years, and at a recent meeting of the officers and committee appreciation was expressed of her work in that position, and she was asked to accept a silver tea service as a parting gift from that association. She carries with her the good wishes of the staff, also a handsome club bag and onyx ring as mementoes of her many friends here.

Ralph Wood, credit manager for nine years, has also left the Company's service.

Elsie Legge, of the C.O.D. desk, has removed to Vancouver. Elsie has been in the store about eight years and before leaving was presented with a club bag.

C. Hammond, of the blouses, accepted a position in Burnaby, B.C., and writes that she is enjoying her work there.

—

FAREWELL PARTY

A small party of old-timers enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parker at their cosy bungalow in St. James one day toward the end of January. The gathering was in honour of Miss F. Smith, who was shortly to sail for England. Those attending were: Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Parker, Mrs. Havens, Mrs. N. Ferguson, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Markinsky, Mrs. Mathews, Mrs. Hutsell, Misses Sargent, Arkinstall, B. Craig, Smith, L. Boake, A. Scotland and Mr. Pearen.

Cards, singing and reminiscences of happy times spent in the service kept the throng occupied till a late hour.

—

We extend a hearty welcome to the following newcomers: Mr. Buchan, manager of the hardware department; Mr. White, manager of the chinaware department; Mr. Irwin, manager of coal department; Mr. Letham, credit manager; Mr. Atkinson, buyer of notions and fancy goods; Mr. Kjorling, display manager; Mr. Iddnes, in charge of adjustment bureau; Messrs. Black, Pollock and Chipman of the silk shop.

—

HEARD AROUND THE STORE

Connie Drake, a popular young lady of the notions section, is absent from her duties. We all hope she will soon return improved in health.

Mr. Pearen left for the coast on February 6th to build up his health after suffering a nervous collapse.

Mrs. Andersen, of the drugs, has been appointed treasurer of the welfare association to succeed Miss Smith.

Miss Parker, of departments three and five, who has been confined to her home since December, will be back on the job by the time this is in print. Judging by the many enquiries from her friends, it is evident that she is greatly missed.

—

CAN YOU IMAGINE

—Mr. Jones walking quietly?
—Tom Mills in a hundred-yard dash.
—Levi Duchaneau as manager of the silk shop?
—A. T. G. Farquhar with a beard?
—Sid Lovegrove at the age of six?
—Miss Boake driving a Cadillac?
—George Mitchell holding the crowd back?
—"Teddy" Wallis in short pants?
—Miss Sargent smoking a cigar?
—Tom Nicol tiptoeing?

SPORT

The Roarin' Game—Retail store curlers are "soopin' it up" merrily every Tuesday night at the Terminal rink. The league schedule is about three parts finished at this time and finds the four contesting skips very evenly matched. They stand thus: Scott, 4 wins, 2 losses; Healey, 4 wins, 3 losses; Bowdler, 4 wins, 3 losses; Parker, 2 wins, 4 losses. The ultimate holder of the cup is still very much in doubt.

On Monday, February 16th, two rinks from the store competed for a challenge cup against Robinson & Company's curlers. H.B.C. were beaten but not disgraced, the final scores being: Sparling, of Robinson & Company, 15; Bowdler, H.B.C., 7; Collins, of Robinson, 11; Healey, of H.B.C., 15; Robinson's winning by 4 points. As H.B.C. have held the cup for the past four years, the victory of Robinson's was not begrudged. H.B.C. teams were composed of Messrs. Healey, Parker, Reith, Taylor, Bowdler, Scott, Laping and Maxwell. Deer Lodge rink was the venue of the match.

Early in January, a party of H.B.C. curlers journeyed to Stony Mountain to play against a team of the prison officials there. We are glad to report they were allowed to return, though it was not until 2 a.m. that they finally landed home, owing to delayed car service. The game was keenly contested, the H.B.C. rink winning by 8-7. Refreshments were served and a pleasant evening spent. The prison officials have been invited to return the visit. Those making the trip were Messrs. Taylor, Niven, Parker and Bowdler.

—

Girl's Basket Ball—A basket-ball team composed of inspectors only will soon make its appearance under the supervision of a capable instructor. The team will be picked from the following young ladies: Florence Battley, Sadie Murphy, Olive Ryan, Salome Thorbergson, Eleanor Gibbs, Elsie Buhr, Beryl Gould, Alice Walsh, Lillian Hanna, and Eva Bannister. Very promising material for a team to uphold the "Bay" colours with credit, we imagine.

SNOWSHOE TRAMP

A number of the store employees, together with members of the wholesale and land office staffs, attended a snowshoe tramp on Thursday, January 15th. The party started from the Linwood school, St. James, and after a most exhilarating tramp returned to the school, where refreshments were served. Music by our own orchestra soon had the crowd tripping the light fantastic.

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Our Contributors

NO. 5—QUIS SEPARABIT

Well known personally to the Winnipeg staff, Quis Separabit desires still to bask elsewhere under his chosen pen-name. He has been an associate editor of *The Beaver* since its inception, but as a special contributor is only of recent discovery. Ever ready with an article when called upon, his *forte* is educational items and short biographies. He is a student of the poets. The following have all appeared from his pen within the past year: Der Tag, The Union Jack, Confidence, Lord Byron, Oliver Goldsmith, Robert Burns, Thomas Moore (in this issue).

Arabus (another fairly well-known contributor) and Quis Separabit are friendly enough to call each other Barabbas and Brer Rabbit.

Winnipeg Wholesale

The following was received recently in response to a draft made:

Hudson Bay Co., Feby 7, 1925
Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:

In regulation sincer July 31st 1924 the still amount, I may say "that account retain them" until the proprietor comes back and forward revised again. As far as I knew, which he executor to me only payment between Sept. 31st & Nov. 5th 1924 be clear on your draf. If any requirement I call to off, any suggestion I only glad to hear.

Your draf draw on hand the other day, I will forward to except the last account and send the prepay of Jan. 28th/24 in order. Yours truly,

LING KEE,
Second Treasure

J. Poitras has left on a business trip for the east, touching Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Montreal, New York, Chicago and St. Paul.

Winnipeg General

H.B.C. CRICKET CLUB

At a meeting held on the 11th instant, it was decided to proceed with the formation of a cricket club and with an application for admission to the Winnipeg Cricket Association league.

The following committee was elected and a general meeting will be held in the near future to go fully into all matters connected with the welfare of the new venture: President, F. A. Fisher (retail); vice-president, C. C. Sinclair (fur trade); secretary-treasurer, J. T. Scarfe (general office); committee, W. A. Iddens (retail), A. C. Swindell (land), J. H. Cattley (fur trade). Other officers will be selected.

It was decided, as the initial expense of forming a cricket club is very heavy, to ask as many non-players as possible to join as associate members.

While the club requires as much financial assistance as possible, it will also require moral support while the season is on.

Land Department

MEET THE SERGEANT MAJOR

R. E. Evans, of the Land department, was born in London, England, as recently as 1852. When twenty-one years of age, he joined the 1st King's Dragoon Guards. He married in 1877, and soon after was appointed to the officers' mess of his regiment, with the rank of corporal. He served through the Zulu war, 1879, and immediately thereafter was transferred with the regiment to India, being stationed at Meerut, Rawalpindi, Muttra and other points. Occasionally in *The Beaver* he tells us little things that came under his notice in those days. After eleven years in India, where he reached the highest non-commissioned rank, that of sergeant-major, the regiment returned to England. He took his discharge in 1897 and went into the hotel business. Later he acted as caterer for Rossall school for seven years, then managed a hotel at Reading for a further period of six years. This hotel was for university students, most of whom left in 1914 for war service. The hotel was closed up, so this "gentleman adventurer," with his wife and daughter, came to Canada. He tried poultry and market gardening in Carman, Manitoba, but later came to the city of Winnipeg. He secured a position in the Land department nine years ago and, as he says himself, "has been a very contented person ever since." His only regret now is that

he did not come to Canada directly on leaving the army.

This sprightly youth had a birthday recently, and if you deduct 1852 from 1925 you will know just what birthday it was.

He is undoubtedly one of the youngest old men in the service of the Company today.

CONCERT AND DANCE

Another score has been added to the list of Land Department Concert Party successes. Their presentation of "To-night's the Night," a musical comedy arranged and produced by A. E. Bridgwater, was well received by a large audience comprising Hudson's Bay employees and their friends. Solos were well rendered by Mrs. W. Everitt, Miss Ogston, Mrs. Henderson, Mr. McQuiston and Mr. Dangerfield. B. A. Everitt's monologue was well put over. The comedy end of the programme was in the capable hands of the veteran comedian, Will Everitt, who kept the show sparkling all the time. Good work, Bill! Keep it up! The soloists were well supported by a nicely balanced chorus—Misses Cooke, Spearin and Griffiths, Messrs. Almond and Headlam. Miss Cooke gave a very dainty dance, which called for an encore.

"A Night in Hawaii," given by Messrs. Chess & Company, calls for special mention. These artists deserve great praise for their well rendered music.

Tilly the Toiler (Olive Peters), although not seen, was delightfully heard as an accompanist for the whole show.

Charlie Mill was stage manager for the performance.

The dance following the entertainment was enjoyed by everyone present, judging from the number on the floor. Fred Parker was floor manager. The music supplied by the Retail Store Orchestra, under the leadership of W. Hughes, put the finishing touches to a very enjoyable evening.

Notes by the Way

At the time of going to press, A. E. Bridgwater states that these productions are getting too much for one department and he hopes members of other departments will volunteer aid. There must be lots of hidden talent.

Slogan: We're as big as we think we are, but are we as big as we ought to be?

Real thrift. A man with one eye tried to get into the show for half-price.

Bill Everitt was missing for a time on the stage. He fell down one of the legs of his pants, but the gallant and debonair Lord Elpus threw him his beastly eyeglass and pulled him ashore.

With the 80 cents surplus from "To-night's the Night" show, Prof. B. Flat intends to finish his house in St. Vital this summer.

McQuiston says he would rather play the coster in London, England, where the vegetables are not so stale.

A. E. Bridgwater has just received a 'phone message from two new members offering their talents for next season.

How about a Big Frolic now to wind up the season? Someone says, "Which season?"

Our door-keeper, Joe McDill, reporting on his absence from the door, said he went outside to get legal advice.

Basil Everitt, someone said, would have made a good dancing companion for the lady of the hula-hula shredded wheat turn.

Who said the land department was not in *The Beaver*?

We could say more, but the editor informs us we can't have the whole issue to ourselves.—*A.E.B.*

❦

Montreal Wholesale

The employees of the Company at Montreal held a very enjoyable dance at the Mount Royal hotel January 16th, this being the first event of this nature in some years.

There were eighty present, comprising members of the staffs of both departments and their friends. Dancing commenced at nine o'clock to the strains of Vander Haeghes' orchestra, which rendered the various numbers in a delightful manner, including most of the popular music. Dainty refreshments were served at midnight, after which dancing was resumed amid streamers, toy balloons, *et cetera*, until one-thirty a.m.

The affair was voted a complete success, and hope was expressed that another similar event will be arranged ere long.

A bowling club has been organized by F. G. French, and already many pleasant evenings have been spent. During the stay of Miss Woodhead and Miss Conley, of Winnipeg and Saskatoon respectively, we had the pleasure of including them on the teams on two occasions.

Mr. Atkins was in Winnipeg during February on matters of business.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Doe spent a few days in Montreal early in December, en route west.

At this writing we are busy with visiting buyers from the various branches, the following having already been in the markets: Misses V. Conley, Saskatoon, C. Madill, Saskatoon; L. Andrew, Vancouver; M. Grimason, Victoria; M. Kitching, Winnipeg; Messrs. P. H. Graham, Edmonton; D. Pollen, Calgary.

Fur Trade

Fur Traders—Talk about the "Silent Navy!" Give us the gossip of your post. Get your memory and your imagination at work and send along those long-delayed articles or poems to The Beaver. We need them for June issue.—Ed.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS BY RADIO

Immediately after ten o'clock, eastern standard time, the Westinghouse radio stations sent a Christmas message to the Hudson's Bay posts throughout Canada. These messages were transmitted December 24th to January 2nd inclusive. They were sent out by the following Westinghouse broadcasting stations: KDKA at East Pittsburg, Pa.; WBZ at Springfield, Mass.; KYW at Chicago, Ill.; KFKX at Hastings, Neb.

This was designed as an extensive test over the Arctic and sub-Arctic areas.

[We will be glad to hear from any post-managers who may have picked up these messages.—*Editor.*]

Special Radio Broadcast

One Sunday evening in the month of January, Rev. Hugh Thompson Kerr, of the Shadyside Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, Pa., preached a special sermon for the men of the Hudson's Bay posts. It would be interesting to know how many of our men heard it. The following were his introductory remarks:

I am sending tonight a message to the men of the Hudson's Bay posts in the Northland. From the Hudson's Bay Company I have received the names of the men and the names of the posts, and instead of sending a general message, I wish to send Christian greetings over KDKA from the Shadyside Presbyterian Church, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to each of these men by name:

We send our greetings to

Lake Harbor post, Baffin Land—Officer in charge, J. C. McGibbon; assistant, David Wark.

Fort Chimo post—Officer in charge, J. S. Blackhall; assistant, N. Stephen.

Wolstenholme post—Officer in charge, L. A. Ewing; assistant, Jack Williams.

Port Harrison post—Officer in charge, S. J. Stewart; assistant, Chesley Russell.

Richmond Gulf post—Officer in charge, T. C. Carmichael; assistant, Albert Swaffield.

Cumberland post—Officer in charge, F. E. Heath for Hudson's Bay Company; Sergt. White in charge for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

The reading of these names makes me think more than one of them is a Scotchman. Ever since the days of the dauntless Lord Strathcona, the Hudson's Bay posts have been manned chiefly by men of his own race, and I am reminded that tonight is the anniversary of the great Scots poet and patriot, Robert Burns. May I send my message in the words of Burns himself.

"Oh, wert thou in the cault blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt—
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare;
That desert were a paradise
If thou wert there, if thou wert there."

I rejoice in the fact that the men in the far north are in touch with the world through the radio, and I rejoice also in the fact that they are surrounded by the comforts and love of their own home, and I pray that they may be safely kept also in the sheltering care of our Heavenly Father.

Nelson House Post

(Keewatin District)

RADIO

Every post manager can enjoy radio at his post for an expenditure of about $110. This expenditure will afford many hours of pleasant entertainment during the long winter nights.

It is very pleasant to sit down every day after dinner, at 12.45 p.m., and listen to CKY, Winnipeg, give the news of the day and of the happenings in Winnipeg that same morning. The same at night.

For those who are thinking of purchasing a radio set, I will give the following details:

The set I have is a four-tube Westinghouse Radiola IIIA and operates on dry cells only. This set complete to install, and with a loud speaker, costs $110.

Any person without previous experience can install and connect one of these sets. It took me one hour to get this set working, and I had never seen it done before.

This set will get stations up to 1500 miles away on the loud speaker. On some nights I have had stations 3000 miles away.

The cost of batteries for one winter on this set is about $10.—*O. Rheaume.*

Rosville Outpost

The old building used for the past half century as a store at Rosville Mission, N.H., has been taken down. Close on the site of the old place now stands a more modern structure, comprising a store and dwelling house. The store part of the building is quite up to date, having a full-size glass front, with set-in door and side windows. The rear or back part of the building is used as living quarters, while upstairs over the store are three large rooms.—*W. R. Anderson.*

York Factory

Our district manager, C. Harding, and his bride arrived at York Factory after spending a holiday in the States. A hearty welcome is extended to Mrs. Harding by all members of the district. Alex Flett, manager of York Factory post, on behalf of all employees in the district, presented Mr. and Mrs. Harding with a silver comport.

Winter set in rigorously with a big snowstorm and strong wind, this happening at the apex of the high tide. The water registered about ten feet higher than the usual high tide and is the highest recorded in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. At Port Nelson the shipping was roughly handled. The weather at Christmas time was cold; the thermometer stood at −40. In spite of the cold, we had a goodly gathering of Indians from all parts. Christmas day was welcomed with much rejoicing, church going, feasting and visiting, when all appear dressed in their regalia of beads, moccasins, leggings, fancy gloves and mittens, and the women in their rainbow shawls, all in good humour and as happy as larks. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The New Year came in cold and clear and was greeted with shooting and ringing of bells. After church the home guards, a term applicable to the residents of York Factory, visited the Big House and after much hand-shaking and wishing each other every happiness, kissing being promiscuous, they were regaled on sweetened tea and cakes. This eventful day closed with a big dance, which everyone thoroughly enjoyed. We are all looking out for another mail, when we shall have more news of the outside world.

—*E. Oakes.*

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE OF CAMP FIRE AND CARIOLE

Being English born and never having travelled to any great extent, I was appalled by the immense distances on this side of the Atlantic. Leaving Liverpool September 13th, I arrived in Montreal and then proceeded to Winnipeg. From there I visited San Francisco, thence to

Seattle and Vancouver, and back to Winnipeg over the Canadian Rockies. I now had travelled a distance of about 10,000 miles. Accompanied by my husband I still had to travel 900 miles to my northern home. The journey to The Pas, Manitoba, through the grain fields of the empire was uninteresting, as all the land was snow covered. The Pas is a small town of about 1500. The inhabitants were extremely sociable to us and I much enjoyed my stay among them. We left there November 26th on the Hudson's Bay railroad. This road cannot be compared with the railroads on the main line. All have to provide themselves with food and bedding and have to make themselves as comfortable as possible. Owing to the kindness of the chief engineer, the roughness of the journey was lessened. We were two full days making the 214 miles to the end of the steel, Pikwitonei, the last post office. Here I got my first glimpse of the Northland, and it made me wonder what lay beyond. However, I did not have to wait long. After a few days' rest, the dog trains from York Factory arrived. It was a splendid sight their coming in, Indians and great wolf dogs with bells on. Now there was a great to do preparing for the journey north, as 210 miles lay between us and Port Nelson. My cariole was all nicely painted green, with the Hudson's Bay Co's coat-of-arms, and when I was rolled up I was quite protected from the cold. We started on December 3rd and stopped for lunch at an Indian shack, having gone twelve miles. By this time our grub was frozen stiff and had to be thawed out. A mug of tea and bannock bread was very stimulating and acceptable. We stopped for the night at the Manitou Rapids. The Indians never seem tired after running all day. They soon had our tent and stove up, cutting down spruce boughs and carpeting the tent after the snow had been removed from under. Next morning the guide woke us up at five o'clock. It commenced to snow, and the going became heavy. We were glad to camp earlier, the men making an open camp for themselves. Next day at the same unearthly hour we continued, and stopped for the night at Landing River. We were well received and made comfortable by Mrs. Chambers, a trapper's wife. At last we reached the Kettle Rapids, where the men and animals rested for two days, all being hospitably treated by Mr. Clemons, who has a small trading post here. At this point a wonderful steel bridge spans the Nelson river, and looks out of place with the wildness of its surroundings. Loading up again, we proceeded yet farther north. The natives killed many ptarmigan along the way. It is funny to see the Indians sitting round the camp fire dipping their fingers into the frypan full of ptarmigan and pork, enjoying every mouthful. After carrying on for four more days, we arrived at Port Nelson, and were invited to the barracks, R.C.M.P. We were kindly received by Sergeant and Mrs. Stangroom. We got here just before a blizzard, which lasted two days. The weather now became very cold—35 degrees below zero. We started for York Factory, crossing the Nelson river, which had just frozen up. It was 40 below zero with strong wind and very cold—the coldest day of the trip and fortunately the last. We reached home safely. The travelling on the ice was very rough. Cariole riding may sound very thrilling on paper but the many bumps and jolts take a good deal of the pleasure out of it. It was a wonderful experience, but between ourselves, I have had all the cariole and camping I wish for a time.—*Augusta M. Harding.*

General

C. T. Christie is enjoying leave of absence. He will shortly retire on pension, having completed thirty-nine years' active service with the Company.

Angus Brabant, our Commissioner, visited Edmonton both in December and February in connection with transport and other matters.

On December 18, 1924, G. M. Innes, who was in Winnipeg convalescing from the effects of the fire at Ogoki, left for Gogama.

January 3, 1925, P. H. Godsell left for an inspection of Saskatchewan posts.

December 29, 1924, C. H. French, B.C. district, arrived in Winnipeg en route to London.

L. Williamson, of The Pas, was married on February 11th to Miss Armstrong.

E. Renouf returned in December from his furlough in the old country, and, after a few days spent in the east and Winnipeg, left for his post in James Bay district.

W. F. Cooke, of Edmonton, paid a visit to Winnipeg and Ottawa during the month of January on matters connected with transport.

January 7th, 1925, T. P. O'Kelly arrived in Winnipeg after an arduous trip from Herschel to Fairbanks, Alaska.

January 10th, Fred Dykes visited Winnipeg in connection with the fur purchasing department.

January 13th, Ralph Parsons, of Montreal, visited head office in connection with his district affairs.

January 14th, C. H. Clarke, Rudolph Johnson and Otto Torrington, all of western Arctic, visited Winnipeg head office.

J. McDermott visited Winnipeg January 26th in connection with requisitions for Hudson's Hope post.

January 27th, J. D. McKenzie, of Fort William, paid a visit to head office.

Alex. Flett, post manager, of York Factory, has also arrived in Winnipeg on a short furlough.

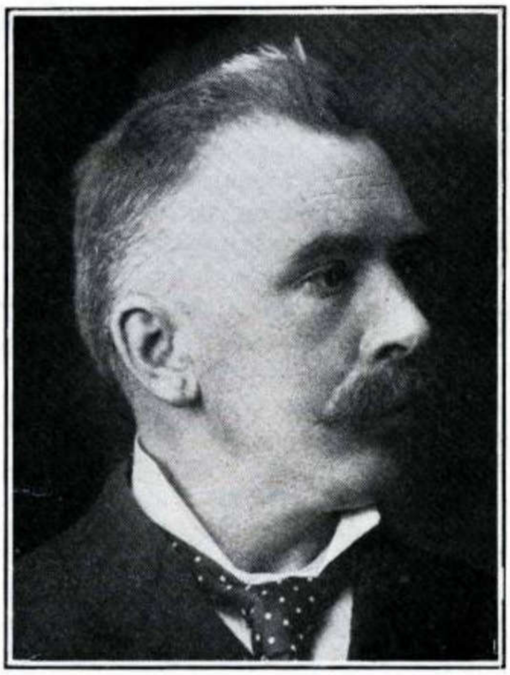
January 31st, Mr. Brabant took a trip east, visiting Fort William, North Bay, Mattice and Senneterre.

February 11th, T. P. O'Kelly left for Edmonton on western Arctic business.

February 12th, Capt. E. B. Haight arrived in Winnipeg en route for Pagwa, where he takes charge of all matters in connection with that transport.

ROBERT HANLEY HALL
Ex-Fur Trade Commissioner

One of the most prominent of Prince Albert's old-timers passed away on December 12th, 1924, in the person of R. H. Hall. He was 74 years of age, and was a man of wide and varied experience in the business world.



The Late R. H. Hall in 1898

Born in Londonderry, Ireland, April 25th, 1850, he came to Canada with his father, an Anglican clergyman, in July 1863, settling near Toronto. In April 1872 he went to British Columbia and entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Stewart Lake. He was married four years later to Rachael Sarah Ogden, daughter of Chief Factor Ogden of the Company. In 1877 he was transferred to Port Simpson, and was given charge of the northern part of British Columbia. While there he was elected to the provincial legislature. In 1890 he was transferred to Victoria and, on the retirement of Thos. R. Smith the following year, Mr. Hall was placed in charge of all the Company's affairs in its western department. In 1901 he was given control of the Saskatchewan district, with headquarters at Prince Albert where he had his home until 1911, when he was appointed fur trade commissioner and moved to Winnipeg. He retired from the Company in 1913, returning to his old home, Prince Albert, where he has resided ever since.

Mr. Hall had a charm of personality that will be greatly missed by those who had the privilege of his acquaintance, and his sterling business worth, which enabled him to rise from the humble position of clerk to the highest office in the service, was fully recognised.

Mr. Hall was greatly interested in *The Beaver*, to which he contributed a number of interesting articles, the last of which was "Wondaw (The Story of Canada's First Dope Pedlars)." He had quite a literary bent, an inexhaustible fund of stories of pioneer days, and had made a close study of the Pacific Coast Indians. It will be a matter of regret if a great deal of the valuable information he had at his call is not down in black and white. He had planned to give *The Beaver* three more articles: "Primitive Commerce Among the Indians," "Tribes of British Columbia and Alaska," "The Distribution of the Indian Tribes of Canada and U.S.A."

Mr. Hall is survived by Mrs. Hall, one daughter and four sons, to whom our deepest sympathy is extended.

(See *The Beaver*, volume two, number three, page three, for further information on the career of Mr. Hall.)

CHARLES A. HOLT

It is with regret we record the passing of Charles Albert Holt at Winnipeg on January 29, 1925.

Mr. Holt was an old servant of the Company. He was born at Manchester, England, on March 27th, 1864, the son of Frederick Holt, a large cotton manufacturer. He entered the service in 1897, was manager of the Rat Portage (then Kenora) store in 1901, and manager of the Winnipeg store in 1910 under the late Commissioner C. C. Chipman. He retired in March, 1911.

Mr. Holt is survived by Mrs. Holt, two sons, three daughters and three grand-children, to whom we extend the deepest sympathy.

The Despised

By D. PATERSON, Little Grand Rapids

Despise not the suckers, ye who have not known
What gnawing hunger is; nor treat with scorn
The meanest fish that in the rivers spawn;
Nor speak of them in a contemptuous tone,
Saying, "These fish are nought but skin and bone."
But, rather, listen as I seek to warn
In kindly tone, for fate may have you drawn
Hither, to eat these fish—or starve alone.
Therefore, despise no flesh nor any fish,
Lest time should bring starvation to the door.
How empty then and vain will be the wish
For that at which you proudly sneered before;
How futile the desire for steaming dish
Of suckers when the sucker is no more.

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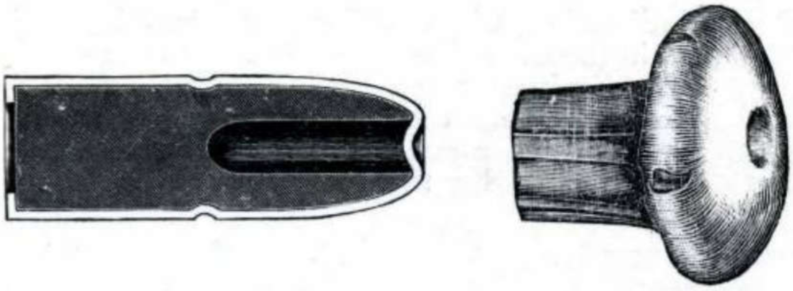

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